GOOD AS A SEA BATH

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 93. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING AUGUST 13TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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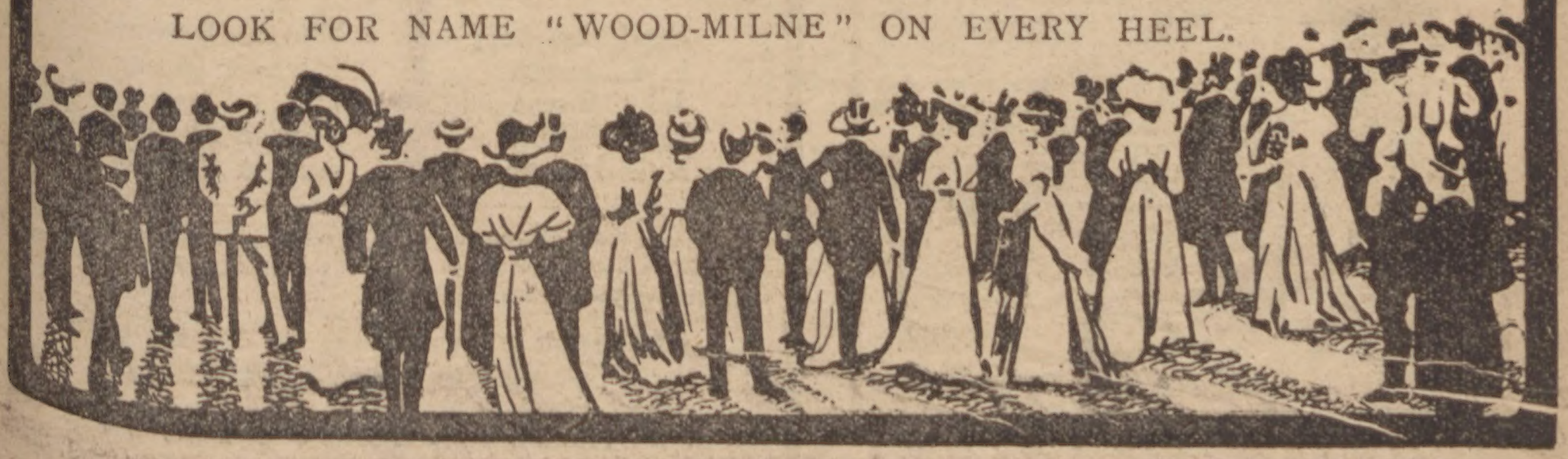

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

o. 93. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 13TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

EMPERANCE BILLIARD SALOONS.

NNOVATION THAT MOST PLAYERS WILL WELCOME.

said that a powerful North Country syndi- s shortly going to introduce into London billiard saloons to be conducted on the lines as they are in Manchester, Glasgow, her great-northern cities. ed, a few such saloons already exist in the polis.

n South public billiard rooms have long ssociated with hotels or public-houses, and y men this is a serious objection. They o have a game of billiards without being ally compelled also to have a drink. eover, the accommodation, as a rule, is very , and the tables, balls, and cues are often

up North this is the sort of thing you find : e, well-appointed hall or saloon built for and up entirely to billiards. There is no public- attached; indeed, while tea, coffee, etc., e obtained, alcoholic liquors are not provided. e are from a dozen to forty first-class tables. e of these halls there is a boy marker to able, at others players mark for themselves. box there is a cashier, usually a girl. You ch her and say you would like a game. She dial arrangement which shows her at a which tables are disengaged, and she ions you one. If there are markers the rest ple, but where there are none you usually e table for a certain time. hands you the balls, or in some cases the s fitted with an automatic arrangement lock- balls until you release them by putting in

by means of a switch she turns on the at your table, sets a clock-work machine and as soon as your time is up the lights go tomatically. In this way it is possible to d control an immense billiard saloon with ttle labour.

attractions of such a place are obvious. is no public-house atmosphere, no beery engrossed in the racing news, no long for a game. may be seen entering or coming out with- damage to your reputation, which is not se when a professional or business man play billiards in a public-house saloon. herners have no idea of the popularity of s in the North, a popularity largely due to tablishment of these temperance saloons, are also first-rate paying concerns. deserve to succeed in the South, and to rt" to billiards many men who from its nate public-house associations have hitherto oof from the finest of indoor games.

C. J. EXTON.

CHEEK.

A contemporary publication treats of "The Call of the West-End." We have generally found it to be "What 'cher going to stand, old dear?"

* * *

A horse called "The Nut" was recently beaten by a short head. That was because the winner set the pace a cracker.

* * *

Rough weather recently compelled a man to spend a whole week on the Bass Rock. He is probably ailing even now.

* * *

Speaking of "How Men Make White Slaves," Father Vaughan says that "Unless the girl can be pulled up by some religious restraint from above, she is like a toboggan on an inclined plane—beyond control." We see. What she wants is a ski pilot.

* * *

Says Lord Selborne: "Of muscles, brains, and character, by far the greatest is character." This will be a consoling thought next time a brawny oaf throws us out of our favourite hostel.

* * *

A DISCLAIMER.

[Nobody knows anybody else in London.—*The Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.P.*]

BERTIE BONNYBOY, loq:

There's far too many Hebrew folk
In Town that *I* know;
And every one—it is no joke!—
Demands my rhino.
I cannot pay a single Jew
The sums I owe him.
Oh, would that it were only true
I did not know him!

* * *

"M.A.P." recently discussed the "Colour Line" in sport. We wonder if this means red tape?

* * *

"The beautiful woman," says "Madame," "is just as likely to be as good as the plain woman is." Most of us, indeed, think that she is better.

* * *

Colonel Henry Mapleson warns us against the "musical quack." We understand that the worst point about him is generally the length of his bill.

* * *

A writer in "Black and White" remarks that "Nobody cares a row of pins about the man or woman who has been goose enough to marry the wrong woman or man." Why should they? If they did, they would only get the needle.

J. S. COX.

COUNTRY TOWN v. CITY.

WHICH WOULD YOU SOONER LIVE IN?

In the course of business it fell to my lot to be transferred from the city to a comparatively small country town, and my pals waxed both loud and strong in their sympathy for my going "out of the world," "beyond the pale," "being buried alive," &c.

I took their consolations quite cheerfully, and determined to take my new surroundings with an open mind.

To my surprise and satisfaction I found that a sportsman can have a much better time in the country town than in the city.

Swimming in the confined limits, and often close atmosphere, of a city bath, cannot be compared, either for health or pleasure, to the same sport enjoyed in the clear, fresh water of the river, warmed by the sun and summer breeze.

Fishing, with plenty to catch, can generally be had for the asking, if you cultivate the acquaintance of the right people; while cricket, rowing, cross-country running, bowls, to enumerate a few, are all much more accessible and less costly in the country town than in the city.

And what a treat it is, after the eternal vista of bricks and smoke, to be, after three or four minutes' walk, right in the heart of the country, and tramp for miles through fields, lanes, and woods, inhaling the fresh, pure air, and enjoying the thousand sights, scents, and sounds of the English countryside.

Nature is a fine chum to spend an afternoon and evening with—you can *live* in the country.

All very well for the summer, but what about the winter?

There is no need to be dull, even in the winter. The nights not spent in the local drill-hall can be very profitably and pleasantly employed in the room of the athletic club, where boxing, wrestling, &c., can be indulged in *ad lib*. While billiards, skittles, roller-skating (though the rink *is* small), and an occasional visit to the touring theatrical plays come in by way of variety.

On Saturday afternoons, instead of forming one of a crowd of thousands *watching* football, you can do what is infinitely better, *play* it, for there is no lack of either clubs or grounds; and what is lacking in science is made up in robustness, generally good-natured, if somewhat hearty.

Also at the end of the week or month, as the case may be, it is very gratifying to find more loose change in one's pocket than used to be customary in the city.

In weighing up the advantages to the sportsman of country town and city it is odds on the country town.

HENRY H. WORTH.

GOVERNMENT SLAVES

II.—IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Thousands of boys, the best sort of boy that our country produces, too, are working almost day and night in order that they may beat the awful competition which meets the aspirant to a post, however humble, in our Civil Service.

The studies for the day completed, they go to dream of what they will do when they have become servants of the Government of Great Britain—dreams in which the rise from post to post, leaving them as heads of departments, and even as chancellors of the exchequer and prime ministers, plays a prominent part.

THE DREAM.

No spectre of long hours, of tedious work, the dreary monotony of years spent in working for the promotion that does not come, the bitterness of soul when the longed-for appointment is given to some unqualified outsider; none of these things mar those boyish dreams.

They go up the steps of the Government offices for the first time, ardent young souls thrilling with eagerness to prove their worth in their country's service, and achieve a place among the controllers of her destiny. And as time goes on they come down those steps harassed, ambitionless, bitter, machine-like creatures cursing the day when in the pride of their youth they beat others in the race and entered the Service; or yet men of meaner soul content with an eventless career and the prospect of a meagre pension.

How many heads of our Government Departments have won their way from the bottom rung of the Service?

The fact that the reply is "None" is no proof that among the thousands who enter our Civil Service there are none capable of doing so.

That is the shame of it.

Government servants!

Government slaves, is the better phrase.

DREADED SUCCESS.

Many men, it is true, reach positions of responsibility, and grave responsibility at that, who started in the Service as boy clerks, but those positions carry with them a salary of from one hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds and though coveted by the ignorant are dreaded by those who know.

I came across such a man holding such a position only the other day.

He is a Treasury official and has the disbursing of some £10,000 in old-age pensions, and has the collecting of almost as large an amount.

Where the granting of pensions is concerned, his word stands. In no case in which the local committee has disagreed with his verdict has their decision been upheld on an appeal to the Board of Trade.

In the same district there is a Relieving Officer who does not disburse a tithe of the money, is a man of no education, and has passed no Government examination. Yet the latter is receiving £200 a year, and his Guardians are thinking of raising his salary to £250, while the Treasury official is in receipt of £150 a year. And this man, though he works very often the full twelve hours of the day, and has even to get his wife to assist him, gets absolutely no overtime pay.

Rare openings occur in the Civil Service which should go to reward the best workers irrespective of outside influence, but such rewards are never given.

BOLTED DOORS.

For instance, I happen to know that not very long ago the India Office asked the Inland Revenue Department to nominate a number of candidates to go out to India and take charge of the receipts from the distilleries, as none of their own people knew anything of the work.

Now it would seem only reasonable to expect that the heads of the Inland Revenue Department would have issued an official circular announcing these vacancies and inviting applications.

Had this been done, a number of men in the Inland Revenue who had had training in the distillery work, having taken a special course of laboratory instruction with a view to working in that department, would have applied and, very probably, have been appointed.

But was it done? Not a bit of it.

As a result, any of these specially-trained men who heard of the appointments did so by indirect means. The heads of the Department nominated men without saying anything to the Department generally.

Thus in two cases the jobs, which were up to the Indian Civil Service standard, and carried a commencing salary of between four and five hundred a year, were given to men who had *absolutely no experience* in distillery work.

THE RANK OUTSIDERS.

Another grave abuse in the Service is illustrated by a case which came to my notice only the other day.

A gentleman who was recently made the head of a department has installed his son, quite a youngster, in a Government office at a commencing salary of a hundred a year. Now, however smart this young gentleman may be, the fact remains that he has not passed a single Government examination, and for him to pose as an expert on any subject, having regard to his experience, is utterly absurd.

Among men in the Service the reason given for a very high appointment in connection with the Labour Exchanges is that the recipient of the appointment went lion-shooting with a certain Cabinet Minister not so very long ago.

In the Labour Exchanges Department generally some truly amazing appointments have been made.

I know of several applicants for posts who have worked in the 'Varsity settlements in London, and against whom there could be no possible objection on the ground of lack of either expert or general knowledge.

Yet these men have had their applications refused while positions have been given to retired Army Officers, men obviously unsuited to the work.

At the Board of Trade Offices there are a number of porters "on the establishment," who are, therefore, eligible for pensions, while the rest of the porters employed have to regard their work as casual.

Just recently there happened to be a vacancy on the establishment, and naturally some of the men who had been working on the casual list for years in the hopes of getting such an appointment, hoped that it would be given to them. But no, a man who had never seen the work before was put straight on to the establishment list, and that solely for the reason that a very high official was backing his application.

OUR COLONIAL EXPERTS.

This is the sort of thing that spoils the Service. A man is not at liberty to make the best of himself unless he has relations or friends who can pull the coat-tails of the higher officials.

In the Colonial Office especially the favouritism is abominable.

Ne'er-do-wee's, who have been kicked out by the old country and go to the colonies, only to be kicked back again, are given a last chance by some kind-hearted relation who has influence at the Colonial Office, and are installed as—Colonial experts!

Throughout the Service the clause allowing of the employment of experts is grossly abused.

What is wanted in the Civil Service is a better system of promotion and better pay in the lower branches.

A question was asked in the House only a week or two ago about the employment of so-called experts in the Service, and let us hope that this will lead to a thorough examination and removal of the abuses.

T. A. SUMMERS.

HOW TO JUDGE THE DISTANCE OF LIGHTNING.

The day has been oppressively hot. There is no breeze, but, rapidly coming up from the horizon is a heavy bank of cloud. You know that there is going to be a thunderstorm; and you feel glad that you are under cover.

Almost without warning, a torrent of rain streams down, and a jagged flash lights up the sky for an instant followed by a heavy rumble of thunder. Somebody tells you that that lightning-flash was five miles away. And you wonder how he knows.

A rule of thumb to judge the distance of lightning is to begin to count slowly after the flash. Then the number you have reached when you hear the thunder will tell you how many miles it is away.

BOXING GLOVES.

In buying boxing gloves, it is most important to see that you can easily double the fist inside them. American gloves are generally all right in this respect, but English ones are often so stiff that it is impossible properly to clench the fist.

This is bad for more than one reason. Using such badly-made gloves in a contest you are likely to be disqualified for hitting with the open hand, though you may not have the slightest intention of doing so.

In friendly bouts, too, you may accidentally injure your opponent, for an open glove will often inflict a nasty cut. Then you are also likely to injure yourself. The fist not being properly doubled, the thumb projects, and you are very liable to dislocate or even break it in landing a stiff punch.

Further, if you once get into the habit of not clenching the fist, it is very difficult to get rid of it, and your fellow-boxers will bar you as a foul fighter.

As in most things, the best comes cheapest in the end with boxing-gloves, but even expensive ones are often far too stiff.

The shopman will probably tell you that they will soon become pliable, but don't pay attention to that. While you are breaking the gloves in you will be boxing unfairly, and acquiring a bad habit. If you cannot easily clench your fist inside a new boxing-glove, don't have anything to do with it.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE BEST PAL OF ALL

By R. D. CROMBIE.

His wife was in the kitchen when Billy Brownlow came down to breakfast. The little table with its snowy cloth, the blue and white china, and sparkling cutlery, looked attractive; the room was bright and pretty in the light of the morning sun.

But Billy had no eyes for any of it. He picked up the morning paper. He opened it out at the page which contained the racing column, and glanced down eagerly for the tipster's "starred selection." An expression of misery crossed his face. The horse selected was to run in the day's big race, and it was not the one which had been his strong fancy ever since the weights appeared. This was altogether upsetting. Billy invariably backed the "Morning Herald's" starred selection, and for a fortnight it had not won. Now, he dared not leave it alone for fear that it would "romp home." But if he backed it and neglected his fancy, and his fancy won! Or if he backed his fancy and the selection won! Or if he backed both and neither "came off"! Or if he——

His wife came in with a tray. She set down the coffee-pot and the dish of bacon, and stood looking at him rather intently. He had turned rather unconcernedly to another page and was reading something else.

"Don't let it get cold," she said.

"All right."

He sat down, propping the paper against the sugar-basin.

"Any news?" she asked. "I haven't had time to look.

"Nothing special," he answered.

The meal proceeded in silence. Without appearing to do so she was noticing every trifling detail about him. He ate awkwardly, as though his mouth were dry. His fingers were restless. He had not put on a clean collar. There was a gash on his face where the razor had slipped.

"It's the Newbury Cup to-day, isn't it?" she observed.

He glanced quickly at her.

"Yes," he said, and turned to the racing column again. "I wonder what will win."

They often discussed racing in a casual way. Mrs. Brownlow liked to be interested in her husband's interests. She had determined, on marrying three months ago, to be a pal as well as a wife.

She had a "fancy" herself sometimes, and would risk a shilling on it, Billy following it up, so he told her, with half-a-crown. That was the limit which she allowed him, and he had promised her never to exceed it.

"The 'Herald' gave Sabot," he went on. "It's favourite—four to one; but I think it's a good thing for Merriman."

"What price is that?"

"Ten to one, but I've heard it's on the job. It's just its distance, too."

"I certainly like its name better than the other," she said.

"Do you?" he queried eagerly.

"Though Sabot's pretty," she added. This was her manner of exhibiting preference. Form she scorned. It is quite likely that it was as good as any other.

"The 'Herald' star it," continued Billy, "and their special selection has lost ten times consecutively. It's bound to come off very soon."

"I don't think it is," she said.

"Strike a streak of bad luck," said Billy, "and you never know when it will end."

"The best thing is to wait till it rights itself," she said.

"You can't," muttered Billy.

She heard him, though she did not appear as though she had.

"Let me look," she said.

He passed over the paper.

"There are the probable runners," he said, indicating them. "You try and make up your mind; I'm hanged if I can."

"It doesn't much matter either way," she said.

"Does it?" she asked, gazing staight at him.

"Oh no," said Billy hurriedly; "of course not."

But his hands shook as he fumbled with the knife and fork.

"I don't know," she said, after a time. "There are so many of them."

"You see," he said, "if I back Merriman and Sabot wins——"

Speaking as indifferently as he could, he put before her all the variations of chances. She puckered her brows, studying all the names.

"Fair Weather," she said thoughtfully.

"Not a ghost of a chance," he interrupted.

"It's that to-day," she said, looking through the window. "Almost a tip shouting out at us."

"I've tried that sort," said Billy grimly, off his guard for a moment.

"You don't do much at it?" she asked, her eyes again on the paper.

"No—but I like to beat 'em sometimes"

"If we could win a bit," she said, "it would be very useful just now."

"It would," muttered Billy.

"There's the rent, and the instalment on the furniture, and several tradesmen's bills due."

"Yes," said Billy.

"Of course, we shall have enough to meet them at the end of the month, but next week will mean a scrape."

"I—I——" Billy stopped. It was almost like the beginning of a confession, which he had not the courage to continue. "I should like to bring off a big win over this race," he jerked out.

"We can't," she said.

"It would mean risking too much. I'll tell you what we'll do. You put half-a-crown on Merriman and a shilling for me on Fair Weather."

"What if Sabot beats both?"

"Yes, bother it! Shall we do nothing?—that's the best when in doubt."

"And have Merriman coming in at a hundred to eight."

She sighed. "There's no satisfaction in it whatever you do."

"Shut your eyes and stick a pin in it," he suggested desperately.

She did so, and looked rueful.

"Castaway," she said. "That'll never do."

Billy laughed unpleasantly.

"Four of 'em now,' he said, getting up. "Well, I shall miss my train."

"Don't back any," she pleaded, following him out into the hall. "Promise me you won't."

"I—I——" Again he couldn't go on.

"It isn't worth worrying about. You're not so well as you ought to be—haven't been for weeks. What will people say of me—married only three months, and my husband going about like a ghost!"

"I'm all right," he said, huskily, kissing her. And he hurried down to the gate, and along the suburban road to the station.

She went back into the sitting-room to watch him from the window, then all at once sat down and burst into tears. As if Billy could deceive her! She knew, she *knew!* The only question was—how far had he gone?

She stood up presently, her little fists closed.

"What's the good of crying?" she said. "I must *do* something. . . . He'll never tell me all—he'll think it will hurt me too much. I must find out for myself."

* * * * * * *

The big race at Newbury that day was at three o'clock. Ten minutes before that hour an office-boy brought word to Billy working at his desk that he was wanted on the telephone.

His wife's voice answered him. Could he come out for half an hour, as she had something particular to tell him? She was at the tube station near by, she said.

Billy's firm was lenient to its clerks, and it was sufficient just to make the request to obtain permission. Nevertheless Billy demurred, and only consented when she insisted. She refused to say what she wanted to see him about.

He was scarcely in the best of tempers when he crammed on his hat and hurried down the stairs into the street.

When he met her, with a mysterious air she piloted him along several streets and came to halt before a perambulator shop.

"Isn't that pretty!" she said, pointing to one of white wickerwork.

Billy was stupefied. He looked into her eyes for a moment, and then caught her by the arm without a word, walking until they were a good fifty yards away from the shop.

"Is this true," he said hoarsely.

"Aren't you glad?" she said frantically.

"Oh, heaven!" said Billy.

There was intense agony in his face.

"You want to talk to me alone," she said. "Don't you?"

He nodded.

"There's a tea-room here," she said. "It looks quiet. Let's go in."

They went along to a table at the far end, and Billy sat down, bowing his head.

"It's the betting, Billy, isn't it?" she asked patiently.

"I'm not fit," said Billy, grinding his hands between his knees. "I'm not fit."

"Yes, you are," she said. "You've been silly, that's all. Did you back anything to-day?"

"Yes," he muttered.

"What?"

"Merriman."

"How much did you put on?"

A pause.

"Two pounds."

"How much do you owe, Billy?"

He looked up, surprised at the calmness of her tone.

"Nearly thirty pounds," he said, waiting for her to flinch, dreading what the next question would be.

But she did not ask who had lent it him—or—where he had got it from. Instead she looked relieved.

"I've got fifty," she said.

"Fifty! You!"

"From Uncle Jack. He's got plenty. He was always fond of me. *Billy*—don't look like that! I didn't tell him what for. I went to his office, and just asked. I said I should charge him that for being godfather."

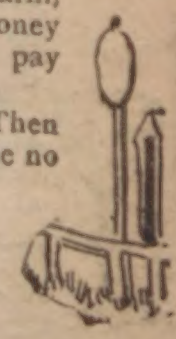
She was smiling, but her lips quivered. . . .

The raucous voice of a newsboy sounded outside. "Big rice! Big rice! Noobury Cup winner!"

Billy started.

"*Billy*!" she said, laying her hand on his arm, "Let's pray it hasn't won. I've got the money here—in gold—in my purse. Take it and pay everybody."

Shame fought with humiliation in Billy. Then his jaw set with a strong resolution. He made no promise—but she understood.



AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO THOSE NOT ENDOWED WITH PHYSICAL STENGTH.

No doubt the athlete as a rule is born, not made. This is particularly true of the athlete as opposed to the player of games.

High-jumpers, for example, although they may be big or little men, are almost always broad-hipped. Then for the runner a short, light body is an essential, anyway for a long-distance runner.

Yet it is difficult to lay down any rule. A great runner of the past, Wharton, a coloured man, ran *flat-footed*. But then he was a sprinter, and sprinters are built in all shapes and sizes.

Still, so far as athletics, in the restricted sense of the term, are concerned, a man's natural physique plays an important and decisive part.

In games, too, Nature, as a rule, endows the "crack" with a true and quick hand and eye, supple wrists and muscles, and natural agility and toughness.

Nevertheless, a man devoid of any natural aptitude for games can certainly make himself a champion by sheer perseverance and dogged determination.

THE BOY FATHER OF THE MAN.

A notable example of this truth is to be found in Mr. Eustace Miles. As a schoolboy, Mr. Miles was a rank duffer at games, the sort of boy whose fingers are all thumbs. He had nothing of the born athlete's sense of "touch," instinctive "timing," and perfect unity of hand and eye. Yet he made himself champion of "real" tennis, a game which above all others calls for delicacy of "touch," perfect "timing," and absolute union between hand and eye.

Mr. C. B. Fry was a born athlete, but he certainly was not a born cricketer. In his early days as a cricketer his style was stiff and cramped, he had few "shots"—in short, he was naturally a second-rate bat. But he made himself into a first-class one.

James Braid, the Open Golf Champion, though gifted by Nature with the ideal golfing physique and temperament, was at one time a poor driver. There are one or two men who can outdrive him to-day, but for consistent length and accuracy Braid is the greatest of living drivers. He does not know himself how he made himself into a long hitter beyond that he kept "pegging away."

A GREAT GOLFER.

Only a golfer can appreciate the merit of Braid's achievement. After a man has been playing golf for some years, as was the case with Braid, his driving as a rule is made for good or ill, and it is most exceptional for such a man materially to increase his driving power. But Braid did it.

There is another class of the "self-help" athlete, the men who have overcome natural disabilities of the flesh.

Mr. Thomas Inch, champion weight-lifter of Great Britain, for example, was a puny, sickly boy. It was the jeers of his playmates at his attenuated frame that fired him with the determination to be a strong man among strong men, and he succeeded in the face of great difficulties, devising his own system of physical culture at a time when little or nothing was known about scientific physical training.

Mr. S. F. Edge was another boy who physically was much below the average—in fact, it was considered unlikely that he would ever reach manhood.

He determined to make himself strong, and, as the world knows, he ended by becoming a champion cyclist and motorist.

A SELF-MADE SWIMMER.

Mr. William Henry, of the Royal Life-Saving Society, was another youthful weakling, so delicate that ordinary games were out of the question for him. He took to swimming, and ended as a champion at a sport which calls insistently for great qualities of strength and stamina.

Nature gave Jack Johnson, world's champion fighting man, a powerful physique, but that "yellow streak," of which the boxing world has heard so much and seen so little, was certainly apparent in his youth. He was a timid lad, and allowed himself to be bullied so unmercifully by his playmates that his sister said she would go and fight for him if he couldn't stand up for himself. That stung him and—well, the rest is boxing history.

The late Dr. J. T. Allan, amateur golf champion in 1897, was a fine example of the self-made champion.

Again, we have the same story of an exceptionally delicate youth, debarred from cricket, football, and other strenuous games. The doctors recommended golf as suited to his feeble physique. No doubt he had a natural genius for the game, but still it was a marvellous achievement to win, as he did, the Amateur Championship within a few years of first handling a club.

At that famous nursery of Scottish Rugby football—Merchiston Castle, Edinburgh—there was, and probably still is, a rule that games were compulsory, and if a boy was not strong enough to play football he was not admitted to the school.

Once, and I believe only once, did the late headmaster, Dr. J. J. Rogerson, make an exception to this rule, and this was in favour of a delicate boy named Frank Fasson. Fasson, however, though weak in body, had a big heart. He took to football on his own account; ended by playing half-back (quarter-back, as it was known in Scotland then) for his country, and was accounted a pretty tough customer, even for a Scotch half.

FOOTBALL AS A CURE.

Fleming, the Swindon and England "soccer" forward, took up football as a cure for threatened delicacy. No doubt he was born to the game, but he is another example of a man overcoming physical disabilities.

W. J. Peall, the great billiard player, was severely handicapped by Nature for billiards. His lack of inches obliged him to use the "rest" for shots that a man of average height could make with ease using the natural "bridge." Peall solved the difficulty by inventing the spot-stroke game, where he did not have to use the rest.

One of the strongest men in the British Army was Mr. Forbes, late of the Middlesex Regiment. Yet, again, he was naturally weak, and acquired his great strength solely by systematic training.

The list might be added to, but sufficient examples have been given to prove that the doctrine of self-help can be applied to athletics as well as to the more serious things of life.

A. FORBES.

FINDING A HOTEL.

The average man who has no money to waste is often in a fix as to selecting a hotel when on a cycling or walking or other tour.

No man likes to go into a house and find that the general level of prices is above what he can afford. Often he will, having entered, stay there, and pay more than he can really afford, and more than he has allowed for expenses.

In order to avoid these unpleasant experiences, it is quite simple to pay a visit to the public bar which is attached to most hotels, especially in country towns, and to ask while having a drink, for a card of the tariff. In this way you can find out the charges and at your leisure decide which of the two or three likely places is the one to suit you.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver-tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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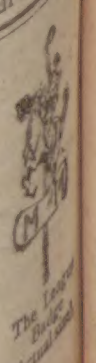


THE LOVE OF MYSTERIOUS NIGHT.

A CALL TO THE MYSTIC.

There is a difference between tramping by day and tramping by night. Many a man who will loaf with the laziest down the dewy eve will often want winding road from morn to to lose his sheets at night. This, indeed, is the test of the true tramp. Whether he is indifferent where the fall of night may find him. To such the unexpected-ness is the crowning charm of the day. An unguarded byre or outhouse, a barn, even the lee of a stack—any of these will do, especially when the south-west wind is hunting the clouds across the sky.

But when, after a languorous day, the stars burn in the deeps, and the night lies about one almost with the warm presence of a sleeping comrade, there is nothing better than to lie on a hill or on a ridge of the rolling heath with one's head on a tussock of grass—dreaming while awake, dreaming of nameless mysterious things.

This love of mysterious night is the cry of primeval wildness that is in the blood of every man with something of the healthy animal about him.

NONE IMMUNE.

The impulse, indeed, may knock at the heart of the most "respectable." An old retired civil servant, whose habits and conversation were as copybook headings, and whose hours were as clockwork to the little country town where he lived, suddenly was moved one evening in spring as he sat by his open window, where, in the twilight, the fitful breeze nodded the wallflowers in the box on the sill. Moved, he knew not whence nor why.

But henceforth, till far in the summer, twice at least a week, he would disappear into the dark, and haunt the loneliest of places, listening to the stealthy life awork in the undergrowth. And never afterwards did the strange aching love of mysterious night desert him.

A bank clerk, too, busied with cash-books and columns of figures during the day, was, until marriage claimed and materialised him, driven almost nightly out of London by the same obsession.

Freed from the chain of ledger and desk, he took train to some station near wild-land, and would tramp till daylight to another station, breakfast right royally at an adjacent inn, and board an early train back to the City.

THE FASCINATION OF THE SHADOWS.

For the succeeding night the demon would be laid by sheer physical weariness, but when this exhaustion was passed, the stagnancy of the city would madden him; the evening wind came down the street whispering the unutterable magic of the lonely road, and by ten o'clock he would be facing the stars from the gallows stone on Hindhead, or tramping along Kentish lanes, a silent spacious content in his soul.

A certain spot on the Wey, near Godalming, where the river, darkly flowing, lurked in an aisle of great trees, had (so he once confessed) a compelling fascination for him. Near by were some old buildings, and for an hour or more in the companionable dark he would lean over a gate in the midst of an eddy of whirling bats, thrilling strangely to feel the beat of their noiseless wings stir his hair as they circled about his head.

As they dropped and turned, they were to him like the escaped thoughts of prisoned minds, revelling in their freedom. They converged upon him, as though to welcome him as one of them, sweeping onwards so directly that it seemed they must touch him, but always they were infallibly sure, turning aside within a hand's space, passing and repassing in ghostly silence.

While thus "ridden," the hours of business would find him taciturn, solitary, depressed, as though possessed of a burdening secret or sorrow; but towards night the gloom would fade, and when, on the free road, he saw the great arc rolled out above him, glimmering with innumerable lights, he was filled with exhilaration; he felt as remote as if alone upon the planet, and was almost conscious of its quick tremors as it shouldered its way through the heavens.

Such experiences, indeed, are not for all. Our bodies are often the weak vehicles of great spirits; we lament our degeneracy, and though night with its voices of mystery and calm calls from the darkening road before us, we have perforce to turn from her and crawl beneath a roof.

Or we compromise with our weakness; we walk on into the night, watch the distant landscape fall away into the dark, and the hedges near us loom up big, casting friendly shades, and conversing in rustles with the wind passing through them. And as we tramp on our way, time is noted for us by the silent march of the constellations, led by the wheeling wain across the sky.

A man need not have intimate knowledge of the life that stirs stealthily in the dark to enjoy the mystery of quiet woodlands and the procession of the skies.

AN APPEAL TO THE INITIATED.

Lean merely on a gate and feel the wind upon your face, smell the quickening breath of the field and the wood, call up to mind the miles of roof in the town, beneath which millions sleep oblivious of the magic which folds up with the wings of night and passes hence with the flush of garish day.

Or listen to the few sounds that rise—the beat of little feet down by the bank on the edge of the woods where the rabbits are at play, the rustle of shrew or mice in the grass by the hedge foot, the *hoo-hoo* of an owl that swims down the field hunting over the furrows, the *churr* of the nightjar as it sits in some solitary larch or fir, or the *coo-it* of a plover as it idles mournfully overhead.

And count life in moments!

S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

DIGS. DOGS.
DRESS.
SPORT. BOOKS.

If you want to buy, sell, exchange, let, or hire anything that comes under the above titles, our Readers' Sale and Exchange page (p. 3 of cover) is worthy of your attention.

CROQUET AMUSEMENTS.

SOME GOOD VARIATIONS OF THE REGULAR GAME.

When you tire of regular croquet you may find relief and amusement in variations of the game. These may shock the serious player, but they are quite good fun, and some of them at least have the merit of entertaining a large number of people at the same time.

There is, for example, the Croquet Target Game, or "Addition and Subtraction," as it is also called. Here eight hoops are placed side by side and touching each other with a peg in the middle.

The competitors shoot at this target from a range of twenty yards.

Each player has four shots. If the peg be hit it counts 9, and if the ball goes through the hoop on either side of the peg then 7 is scored. If the ball goes through the second hoop, on either side, away from the peg, it counts 5, and so on to the outermost hoops, which count 1 point each.

If the ball hits the wire and then goes through the hoop, that counts as through, but if it hit the wire between two hoops and remain outside, it counts the number between the values of the two hoops. Thus if the ball hit between hoops value 5 and 3, 4 points are scored.

If, however, the player misses the target entirely, then 5 points are deducted from the score. Game is 36, and it adds to the interest to make a player go out exactly. Thus if a player is 35, at his next shot he must score 1 point only to win. This means that he must aim at one of the outermost hoops, with a good chance of missing the target and losing 5 points, or of making more than 1 point.

Supposing he makes a bad shot and goes through the 3 instead of the 1 hoop, then either, as may be agreed, he is "bust" and out of the game altogether, or he goes back to 34.

Then there is what there is called golf-croquet, though its semblance to golf is not altogether apparent. It may be played by two or more players, but four is the best number. In this case two play as partners against the other two, and each player has one ball.

The hoops are placed as for ordinary croquet, and the points are made in the same order. One point is scored for each peg or hoop, but whereas at ordinary croquet each ball must pass through a hoop and hit the peg, at golf-croquet the first ball through a hoop wins that hoop, and the rest need not go through it. The starting line is nine feet away from the first hoop, and blue, red, black, and yellow play in rotation.

Suppose, for example, that blue gets through No. 1. hoop at his first attempt, then his side scores one point. He does not get another shot, and red plays from the starting-line to the second hoop. If by any chance he gets through then his side scores one point, and black plays for the third hoop. Once they have all left the starting-line a player must always play his ball from wherever it lies.

Golf-croquet is a good game, for it gives many opportunities of "diddling" opponents by "obstruction," and also tends to improve shooting.

Then there is the "Taking-off Game," which was invented by "Cavendish."

A ball is placed at each end of the ground, one yard within the boundary, and half-way between the peg and corner hoop. This means that on a full-sized ground the two balls are 38 yards apart, and directly opposite each other.

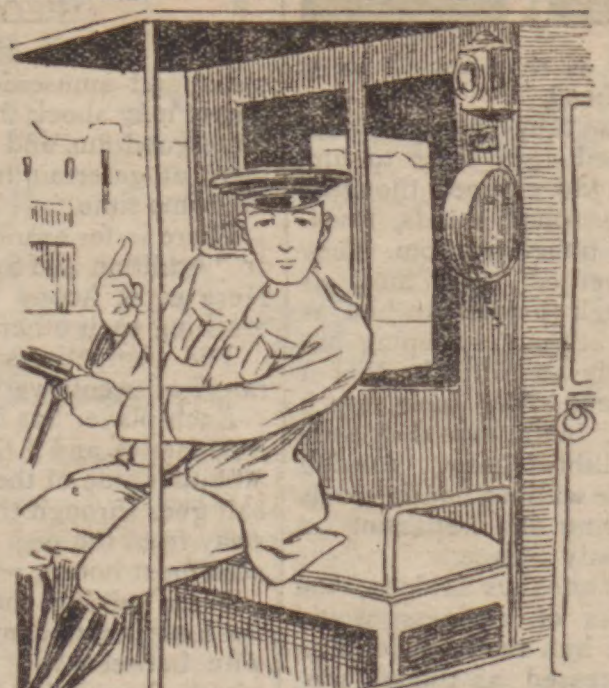
Each player places his own ball in contact with one of the placed balls, and has to take-off to the other and roquet—i.e., hit it. If he succeeds then he takes-off from the other ball back again, and so on backwards and forwards, until either he crosses the boundary or fails to make the roquet, when his turn ceases. Each roquet counts one, and the player making the largest number of roquets wins.

After each take off and roquet, the ball croqueted or roqueted is replaced one yard from the point in the end boundary nearest to which the ball stops.

D. BOSTOCK.

TAXI-CAB TYPES

SOME OF THE PATRONS OF THE HORSELESS HANSOM.



In this twentieth century innovations are an every-day occurrence; and it is not many weeks before even the most startling of these are regarded as comparatively insignificant.

This is the case with the horseless cab. It is not so very many months ago now that the first taxi was put upon the streets; but they are as familiar to-day as our much older friend the hansom.

But at the same time, despite the fact that their character as a nine days' wonder has gone for ever, still their popularity goes on increasing.

Some people, indeed, are affected with a sort of mania for taking taxi-cabs, even though they may not be in a position to pay the fare. For instance, the case of a lady who recently gained newspaper notoriety as a "bilker" of taxi-drivers will be fresh in most people's memory. She told the drivers that she had recently divorced her husband, a wealthy city man, and that he had been ordered to pay her a large sum for mainttenance. So she would give the drivers I.O.U.'s for sums exceeding the amount of the fares, saying that her husband's solicitors would honour them. But the trusting drivers found that it was not so.

"E TAXI MANIA.

Another person for whom taxis exercised a fatal fascination was a deserter from the Army, and he enjoyed lengthy "jaunts" by stating that he was a detective from Scotland Yard, and that the driver would be paid on applying there. During one trip, he tried to slip out of the cab, but the driver was too quick for him. He then offered his great-coat in lieu of payment, but the Jehu refused this sporting offer, and charged him.

And while we are on the subject of this type of taxi customer we should not forget how cleverly Mr. "D. S. Windell" exploited one of these vehicles for the purpose of defrauding a London banking firm of some thousands of pounds.

In the course of a conversation with a taxi-driver recently, the writer gained some interesting details concerning certain types of people who patronise the horseless hansom, and of the methods practised by some of them to avoid paying the driver.

THE EXTRAS.

You will often see a taxi-cab going along a street groaning under a complement of perhaps seven or eight people—father, mother, and children of varying age. When you do witness such a sight, you will not be far wrong in putting them down as Jews. A Jew never does anything—taking taxis included—unless he is going to get his full money's worth out of it. And at the end of the journey he steadfastly refuses to pay any excess fare (for a taxi is not supposed to carry more than two people on the back seat, an excess being charged for the forward one) because the driver will probably have neglected to ring up the "extras" on his dial. And in this protest the fare is within his rights; but this does not endear him any the more to his irate jarvey.

But at any rate he pays his actual fare; and that is more than can be said for an even more unwelcome type of taxi-cab patron—to wit, the habitual "bilker." This enterprising person has all sorts of ingenious ways of getting away without paying.

He has an almost encyclopædic knowledge of all the restaurants, bars, and other public resorts that possess more than one entrance. He orders the driver to take him on such a trip that one of these places must of necessity be passed. There is, for instance, a well-known theatrical bar in the Strand, opposite the Tivoli Music Hall, which has been used by "bilkers" on more than one occasion.

Well, just as the cab is nearing one of these establishments, the fare orders the driver to stop and wait for him a minute while he has a drink or looks in to meet a friend by appointment, or for some such reason.

Then, of course, he simply goes through the bar and slips out by the other exit, leaving the fare to accumulate on the "clicker" until at last the driver realises that he has been "bilked" once again.

BILKERS.

Unscrupulous people who live in blocks of modern buildings known as flats are afforded excellent opportunities of defrauding drivers.

As most of us know, the great majority of these erections are built around some enclosure such as a garden or some tennis courts. They are divided into sections, each with a different entrance-hall, and each of these halls communicates with the others by means of a passage.

What, then, does the flat-dwelling "bilker" do? Say, for instance, that he lives at No. 30. Well, he will order the driver to stop at No. 1, which will be the first entrance-hall, saying that he is going to pick up a friend. He goes in, runs down the stairs into the basement, along the underground passage to his own entrance-hall, and so to his own flat. The door once closed behind him, he smiles happily at his own astuteness. The driver does not know where he lives, and so many people live in the flats who would answer his general description that if the chauffeur questioned the porters he would get very little assistance.

THE TAXI-MAN HIMSELF.

So he sadly pulls his flag into an upright position again and starts off to look for another and more honest passenger.

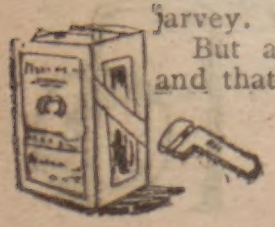
Considering how often the unfortunate taxi-driver is made the victim of such swindlers, it is much to his credit that he retains as much philanthropic feeling as he does.

He is by way of being a "perfight gentil knight," a petrol-stained rescuer of damsels in distress. It is during the pantomime season that he most often appears in this rôle.

It will often happen that girls rehearsing (of course, without salary) for suburban pantomimes will find themselves detained at the theatre until so late an hour that there are no trains or 'buses to take them home. And they have, perhaps, only a few pence on them.

So they engagingly explain their plight to a taxi-driver, and it is very seldom indeed that he does not chivalrously agree to take them as far as possible towards their home without lowering his flag. The arrangement is, of course, that if he meets a "fare" on the way, the lady "stowaway" will have to get out.

G. CHARTEN.



SPORTING FITNESS.

HOW TO AVOID THE ILL-EFFECTS OF ATHLETICS.

From time to time we hear cases of somebody either meeting his death, or, at any rate, unpleasant physical injuries as a result of participation in some violent form of athletics; and it is then that the wiseacres—probably men who have spent their lives "frousting" over books, without ever a thought for a cricket bat or a football—shake their heads and mutter solemn words about the dangers of sport.

But it is a true, if somewhat sweeping, assertion that no form of athletics or sport is dangerous *provided that proper care is taken of the general tone of the athlete's constitution.* Accidents, of course, should not be taken into consideration, for these may happen in any pursuit of life.

The amount of mental and physical energy which is given to each of us is distinctly a limited quality, in the same way as our banking account in accordance with the latter, so must we adjust our output of bodily energy in proportion with the former. For this is a bank in which any attempt at an overdraft is met with dire results.

For those who have once given themselves up to it, sport, of no matter what kind, becomes an obsession. If they could not take part in it, they would hardly deem life worth the living.

So a very important question that concerns some men is how to enjoy athletics or sport without injury to their general health, that is to say, to get the very most out of the sport compatible with precaution as to keeping as fit as possible.

Many business men are in the habit of rushing out of their office at the close of the day's work, flying at express speed into the train for home, eating a meal in a hurried fashion, hardly taking time to sit down, and then putting in a strenuous hour or two before sundown on the tennis court or the golf links.

But this is very wrong from the point of view of health. It is indubitably a case of burning the candle at both ends. And sooner or later—in the majority of cases, sooner—it will make you "lose your nerve." Your taste will gradually tend towards the more placid of life's pleasures, and you will turn into the lean and slippered pantaloon far sooner than if you had taken your sport with more of what is called "sense of proportion."

The question of food has an enormous say in the matter of the sportsman's fitness. If you are aware of a tendency to develop a "corporation"—as most athletes do after a certain age—it is best to keep down your weight by dieting rather than by such violent means as sweating, going for long walks in about five great coats, and so on.

Do not be led astray by the popular fallacy that your breakfast should be a gargantuan meal. Let it be supporting, but *light*. A couple of eggs, a mutton chop, and then a little toast and marmalade, together with one or two cups of tea, will do you far more good than a heavy breakfast, such as some men consume, and which exerts an enormous strain on the digestive forces, which are not yet fully recovered from the effects of the night's sleep.

The mention of the word sleep reminds me that it is indispensable to the general health, especially in men who have gone past their "first youth." Business men who also take heavy exercise in their hours of leisure should always go to bed as early as possible. Half-past ten at night is an excellent hour, for you are thus afforded an hour or so of sleep at the beginning of the night, which is recognised by doctors to be the most refreshing time for over-worked people.

Sometimes it will happen that a man who cannot possibly sleep in bed will perhaps "drop off" in a comfortable arm-chair. If this is so, let him enjoy as many arm-chair naps as he can manage to take, whatever objections may be raised by faddists to such a practice. Sleep you must if you are to play a straight bat, or put up any sort of a show against Colonel Bogey.

J. G. HAYWARD.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

CUPID V TROOPER KERNAHAN

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

"Cigarette, Kernahan, please," said Trooper Stephen.

The Confederacy were foregathered in the big marquee by the range's thousand-yard ridge, and from outside came the intermittent reports of the latest Army-pattern rifles that were kicking daily in the shoulders of the unwary, playfully chipping at jawbones, and thickening lips.

Outside, too, Sergeant-Major Brighton, the never-wearied, said encouraging things to the recruits, and swore only to himself when the trembling novices registered nothing but miss after miss.

The red flag continued to wave, and the Sergeant-Major to preserve his temper. He noted with satisfaction that the squares on the scoring-sheets were rapidly becoming filled, if only with "O's," and he looked forward to a more interesting time with the "Boys of the Old Brigade."

Kernahan, in his jolliest frame of mind, entertained the underpaid, but ever happy, toilers and moilers of the local Press. These gentry, who, affecting to be "men of letters," yet managed to exist without taking "L," "S," or "D" into much account, were enjoying themselves on beer purveyed entirely at the expense of the regiment, and it fell to Kernahan to supply his particular coterie with cigarettes.

"One moment, while I unpack my luggage," said Trooper Kernahan, as Stephen's demand was succeeded by others. "One moment, and I'll pacify the licences I've just taken out."

"Bought a dog or going to get married?" asked some one irrelevantly.

"You Press chaps are too 'cute by half," said Trooper Kernahan. "No; my licence reads: 'A. H. Kernahan, licensed to vend tobacco to be consumed in the Government's marquee.' Now for a struggle!"

No one really knows just how awkward it is to get anything out of the senseless, buttoned-over breast-pockets provided by the military tailors until they have tried, and Trooper Kernahan's cigarette-case was, as a matter of course, snugly resting at the bottom of the right breast-pocket beneath a pipe, a handkerchief, and sundry official communications.

"Have a sardine tin-opener," Trooper Alexander suggested blandly.

"It's all right," Kernahan gasped, and laid all his treasures before him.

Stephen, without further argument, promptly commandeered the cigarette case.

It was Alexander who pounced on a certain gilt-edged invitation card.

"Hullo, what's this?" said he.

"Oh, yours 'll be at your palatial office by now," said Kernahan. "They send 'em in unlicked envelopes with a ha'penny stamp, so your clerks and the office boy will be vastly amused. It's a hardy annual, ain't it, Stevie?"

"The Colonel's garden party? *Rather!*" Stephen winked slyly. "Might I recall to your memory, sir?" he began blandly.

"I had no designs on the lady," said Trooper Kernahan inconsequently.

"*You* wouldn't," observed a reporter scornfully. "Remember that I was present at the last romantic ball, and (always excepting Mr. Alexander and Mr. Hall here) it seemed that you were about the strongest order in the ballroom."

"But on the occasion to which I'm referring," said Trooper Stephen, "old Kerny made all the running (the gay dog!), and then got easily beaten at the turn—eh, Kerny?"

"Wasn't out to win," said the Trooper. "You don't catch *me* looting and pillaging under the Colonel's nose, thank you!"

"Thus," said Stephen, "it was the audacious Biscarbry who captured her at this very garden party three years ago!"

"Biscarbry—Biscarbry?" said one of the reporters, "I seem to know the name."

"Probably you had some of the champagne the old Colonel supplied at the official wedding."

"Why, of course," said the exponent of Pitman's and the blight of printer's lives. "I did it for the county papers. Official wedding, you say?"

"Ah, that sounds distinctly strange, doesn't it?" said Kernahan.

"But, my boy, it was romantic," said Trooper Stephen.

"Anyway," went on Trooper Kernahan, reminiscently, "young Biscarbry was an A 1 sport. In those days, of course, we weren't so full up in the Squadron 'B' as we are now, and we used to have hopes of enlisting any decent chap who looked on at our drills—mounted or otherwise. That's how I first came to know Biscarbry. Sometimes on Thursday afternoons he'd come to our drilling ground and watch us at mounted drill, and one day as I was riding off he came up and asked me if he might have a ride.

"Now, of course, that's no new request, but there was something right *fresh* about the way he said it that went to my heart, for I hopped off immediately. Instinctively I knew he was just all right. Then—you could see the rank joy simply yelling out all over him—he mounted, swingin' easily into the saddle and off he went at a light canter and then into a gallop along the downs, wheeling back from the racecourse splendidly and lookin' a picture as he passed me, waving his hat.

"He swung off lightly, but, I could see, regretfully."

"'Thanks, man, thanks!' says he.

"'Why the devil don't you join us?' I asked him.

"He laughed.

"'Ask the Sergeant-Major!' he said and gripping my fist off he went, happy as a sandboy.

"Naturally I asked the Sergeant-Major. Well, I had a bit of a job to get it out of him, but after miles of vows and promises and things to keep it to myself he told me.

"Biscarbry was one of the Colonel's set, as a matter of fact, but his father had fairly done the Colonel in over some 'leppers' he had. Otherwise, mind you, this Biscarbry had looked like being treated as the Colonel's own son, old Blenkinsop having no male heir to his place at Grundall. Biscarbry's father—it's the usual story—went dead wrong at the finish, and young Biscarbry had to turn to and slog, same as most of us here.

"He had a job in Brermouth—same line as mine—in an opposition Land and Estate Agent's office.

"The Sergeant-Major, when he'd finished tellin' me all this rigmarole, looked down his nose a bit. You fellows know the dear old chap's way.

"'You're right, 'Major,' I said to him, 'we *do* want men like Biscarbry——'

"'The Colonel hasn't seen him since he was a kiddy,' said the 'Major. 'But the Biscarbrys have got it *here*.'

"He tilted up his chin. I knew what he meant. Pride, you know, pride.

"'*I'm* thinking,' said the 'Major, 'that any rate we've nothing to do with inter-family differences. Besides, *I'm* not expected to know anything about the job. So, of course, if Biscarbry were to become somehow set on enlisting, well—he'd enlist as any other Brermouth young man. Probably also, the Colonel would never know anything about it. He leaves all the approval of enlistments to the majors of the squadrons now.'

"The result of this con'ab was that a fortnight later found Biscarbry a Trooper in Squadron 'B,' with all the responsibilities of a Trooper therein—the joys, the worries, the bickerings, the sorrows, the drinks, *and*," Kernahan smiled, "the right to attend the Annual Garden Party given by Colonel Blenkinsop to the members of his regiment.

"This affair, beloved by all Troopers who have an eye for hero-worship, used to take place, as all you chaps know, just before Camp (when Camp was later on than it is now).

"I remember the day we got our invitations—as might be this. I remember meeting Biscarbry in High Street, and buttonholing him.

"'Well,' said I. 'Going to the Garden Party?'

"I'd forgotten his family connection with the Colonel. . . . Things like that seem to drop out in this squadron.

"I saw his lip—he was a big, strong, upstanding chap—tremble a little, and then I recollected.

"'Hang it, old man,' said I. 'I'm sorry.'

"'I'd like to see the old Park again,' he said.

"'They wouldn't know you now—in uniform with all the rest of us,' I told him. 'If you don't think it will give you too much of a downer, I should come. We always have plenty of sport on Garden Party Day.'

"'If you'll stick to me and see I don't make a fool o' myself, Kernahan——,' he said.

"'Oh, *that's* all right,' I said. 'You're coming out with the boys to enjoy your old self, old chap. Begone, dull care! etcetera.'

"So, just givin' him a bit of a thump on the back, I went off.

"Well, you know, Alexander, how we make up our parties. I think on *this* occasion Hall, Carteret, Stephen, and myself formed a mutual guard of honour to each other—including, of course, Biscarbry, who'd been accepted right off into the——"

"Brotherhood of the Five Barcelonas," Alexander suggested.

"Right! For a wonder the weather kept fine, and everything was absolutely up-to-Dick at that garden party. There were all sorts of pretty girls there. Lieutenant's sisters, Major's daughters, and so on. But of all that most excellent display of high-stepping fillies, as you might remark, the Colonel's daughter was—just the first there . . . eh, Hall?"

"Unquestionably very good-looking young woman," said Sergeant Hall with the air of a dependable critic.

"I always wondered, I'll admit," Trooper Stephen put in sweetly, "why she preferred the blandishments of Biscarbry to your superior method of attack on the feminine fortress."

"You'll excuse *me*," said Kernahan, with reserve, "but——"

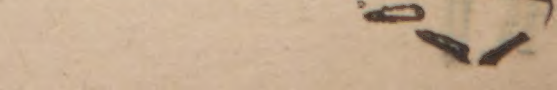
"We'll do nothing of the sort," said a reporter genially.

"You confess or pay drinks round. Lay his bloomin' giblets bare, Mr. Stephen," he added pleasantly.

"I will. (I'll risk *all* that, old K.). Yes, gentlemen, K. undoubtedly had an eye for the—er—*Fille du Regiment*.

"That day, when the ever-glorious Brotherhood passed her at the salute she at once singled out old Kernahan for a sort of added interest in the special bow she gave us.

"Old K. didn't trouble about excuses. He promptly left us——"



Trooper Kernahan playfully pushed Stephen off the upturned bucket upon which he was sitting.

"You shut up. *I* saw something in the lady's eye which you did not, Stevie. You're always blinder than a bat about these things, and that makes the women mad to get you because you appear to care not a snap of the finger for 'em.

"Of course (to continue with the yarn) at the finish I had to introduce all these blighters, and that's where Biscarbry came to the front."

"With a bloomin' rush," said Trooper Stephen.

"Somewhat!" said Sergeant Hall.

"*As* you chaps observe," Trooper Kernahan went on, "it was rather cool how he managed to carry the convoy off under the very batteries. *She* didn't know Biscarby's connection with the family, but we waited for things to happen, didn't we, Stevie?"

"In vain," said Trooper Stephen. "In the end they introduced—yes, introduced—Biscarbry to the Colonel, and the old gentleman's face didn't change one bit."

"Colonel was always a good sport," said Kernahan, with feeling. "There are some things a good man doesn't do. He doesn't hang a father's millstones round the neck of his son—especially in public. Yet—he might have been excused even for that had he seen what was forthcoming——"

"What forthcame?" asked a member of the Fourth Estate, flippantly.

"Rides out together. You know the usual sort of thing," said Stephen.

"At a walk in leafy lanes, with the reins hanging very loose—to say nothing of the 'Duty towards your Social Position,'" Kernahan said, taking up the tale. "Naturally the Colonel found out, and did the very worst thing possible. He forbade his daughter ever to speak to Biscarbry again. We were bang on top of Camp then, weren't we, Hall?"

"About a week before, I should say."

"Yes. I know it was about that. I remember that Camp particularly well, don't you, Hall?"

"There was a man short in our tent on the very first night," Stephen observed.

"It was Biscarbry!" said Kernahan.

"The old fox!" Hall put in.

"The excellent strategist, you mean," said Kernahan, with some warmth.

The Fourth Estate, generally, blinked.

"Now we don't quite see," said one.

"Where's your imagination?" asked Kernahan. "Colonel, of all people, was naturally at Camp. Biscarbry was *not*. Go on, Hall."

"I was put in charge of an escort—a sort of Yeomanry Police—the usual thing. We're pretty strict about chaps not turning up to Camp. We went to Brermouth for Biscarbry armed with all sorts of military warrants to bring him, dead or alive, to Camp. Duty, of course, is duty. We found him up——"

"Yes," said Kernahan, "we did, the blighter—walking down High Street large as life with the Colonel's fair daughter!"

"It was a delicate matter," put in Hall. "But duty again——"

"We went up," said Kernham, "paying as much deference to the lady as possible under the circumstances.

"'Trooper Biscarbry,' says old Hall. 'I'm sorry, but by the provisions of the——'

"'You arrest me as a deserter, eh?' said Biscarbry, lookin' at our precious warrants and things. 'Well, I've got something to beat that into a cocked hat for a surprise packet, anyway.'

"And, gentlemen, I'll admit he whacked us pointless. Our warrant was, for all practical purposes, puny in comparison."

"It was the local registrar's certificate of marriage," said Sergeant Hall.

"Special licence into the bargain, mind you," added Kernahan.

The Fourth Estate became over-curious.

"And what did you do?" they asked in chorus.

"There are some cases," said Sergeant Hall stiffly, "where a Sergeant of Squadron 'B' takes it upon himself to use a certain discretion."

"So now you see why I said '*official* wedding,'" said Kernahan, yawning.

PREPARING A HORSE FOR A SHOW

TIPS TO OWNERS WHO WANT TO MAKE THE MOST OF THEIR EXHIBITS.

Probably as a result of the recent agitation, which has at last brought home to us the need of the Army for horses, many of our farmer-readers have been paying serious attention to the breeding of horses and will be glad of some tips on preparing them for the show.

It is certainly to your advantage to show, as there is always the possibility of getting a better price for your horse at the shows than you would elsewhere. There is, of course, the added possibility of securing some substantial money prizes.

When preparing a horse for the show, always see that he has a fine bloom on his coat. This is to be obtained by proper exercise, good feeding, warm clothing, and plenty of strapping. You would also be well advised to use one of the many excellent patent foods and condition powders now on the market.

A little sweet oil on the brush, and also a little paraffin, will add to the lustre of the coat, without making it stick together as water-brushing does. If the mane and tail are treated in this way, the hair will be kept down and greatly improved in appearance.

Care should be taken to get the thigh and shoulder muscles well developed, and this may be done by giving your animal plenty of walking exercise.

Remember it is always better to take your horse out for two short periods than to give him all his work on a stretch. Three or four hours a day is by no means too much walking exercise for a horse.

Many a good horse is condemned in the ring because of his temper, and some judges will order a horse out of the ring, however good, if he shows any sign of vice.

Therefore you must pay great attention to his early training. The great thing is to get a horse to love you, and then you can do anything with him.

See that your hunter goes well in his trot and takes off with his right leg in the canter and gallop. Get him to run in hand well, too, and also see that he makes no demur at your getting on and off, for many judges lay much emphasis on this point.

Teach him to stand well when not moving, for this has a great effect on his appearance.

When the horse is posing before the judge his legs should be inclined from his body so that if they were continued upwards they would meet, forming two sides of an isosceles triangle. Have his head well forward, too.

A last tip—remember to get a railway pass from the show authority, as with this you can get your horse home at half-rate, and also get a free pass there and back for yourself.

F. G. SAUNDERS.

BLOTS ON THE LANDSCAPE

THINGS WE COULD DO WITHOUT.

Little podgy men in loud knickerbocker suits.

Selfish idiots who bring yapping curs into public places of refreshment.

Untidy, slouching girls with hockey sticks.

Dyspeptic Yankees in absurd straw hats and an accent that ought to be made a criminal offence.

Their womenkind in blue veils and a peevish expression.

Hygienic horrors with long, scraggy, bare necks, tousled hair, dirty flannel skirts, and sandals.

Familiar barmaids who call you "dear" on the least provocation.

Long-haired men in soft green hats and a vacant look.

Small boys smoking cheap "fags."

Big men doing ditto.

Taxi-cab drivers smoking large pipes while conveying a fare.

Crowds of able-bodied men watching a man clean a window.

Excrescences in bowler hats, frock-coats and brown shoes.

Lady typists plastered with sham jewellery.

"Eminent" tragedians in rabbit-skin fur coats and soiled flannel trousers.

Fat, over-dressed Jews in fashionable restaurants.

Popular actors trying to look like great men.

Shopwalkers, out for the evening, posing as "men about town."

Young girls acting as cashiers to big firms at eight shillings a week.

American and German tourists eating.

The British workman returning from work.

Grown men cracking nuts for lunch.

Alleged ladies drinking whisky pegs in public.

Atheist "orators" spouting blasphemy.

Crowd listening to the same.

Piccadilly by night.

Ludgate Hill Station.

Suburban third-class carriage on the L. B. and S. C. Railway.

Verminous tramps in the Parks.

The Clerk of the Weather.

Buckingham Palace.

Winston Churchill in Court Dress.

Suffragettes riding cross-saddle.

Black men walking with white girls.

Feeble young men sipping barley water.

Sandwichwomen.

Modern alleged actress showing her necks.

Airmen trying to break their necks.

Crowd watching the same.

Meeting of the London County Council.

Eminent amateur cricketers receiving £10 cheques for "expenses."

Essex playing for a draw.

Motor-cyclist on a hot day.

Kitchen of cheap restaurant.

Men and women fighting to get on tram-car.

Women crowding to hear "spicy" divorce cases.

Prosperous alien throwing coppers to starving Briton.

Babies left unattended outside public houses.

"Infant prodigies" performing.

Ex-soldiers begging in the streets.

Underwear pictorial advertisements, especially in the ladies' journals.

Anæmic young men watching football matches.

Publican refusing Tommy Atkins a drink because he is in uniform.

Women at prize-fights.

Political parsons.

The average Member of Parliament.

Mannish women and womanish men.

C. BURTON.

WICKET-KEEPING

PRACTICAL HINTS.

By ROBERT ABEL.

The most important man in the cricket field, and at once the most difficult, is that of wicket-keeper.

I do not know that we have any great out-standing personalities, such as were the late Lion. A. Strudwick, Pilling, Sherwell, or J. M. Blackham, the most wonderful expert I ever saw. Yet there is not an army of stumpers in Somersetshire and Surrey, and one has only to look on the names of Humphries, Lockwood, A. Hearne, H. Martyn, L. Gay; and H. Wood, Strudwick, Stedman, and Vigar of Surrey to show how very true this is. There are County Clubs, and many ordinary clubs which have always a vacancy for thoroughly good men.

There is, of course, an intimate connection between bowler and wicket-keeper, and there must be an understanding between them. That is why the stumper should always occupy his position, and unless he can play regularly with the club, it will be found to make a very great difference.

THE BOWLER AND THE KEEPER.

When Mr. MacGregor, of Middlesex, was at Cambridge University, he used to keep wicket for a very fast bowler—namely, S. M. J. Woods, who was for a long time the hero of Somersetshire, and the latter used to declare that so well did they know one another, so closely were they acting together, that each knew exactly what ball the other expected, and the wicket-keeper knew exactly what was coming.

Now, unless you are fearless, have excellent sight, and do not mind a few hard knocks, there is no good aspiring to occupy this position, for there is all the difference in the world between having a smart stumper and a duffer behind. A really good wicket-keeper saves more runs than most batsmen get. I daresay when you are watching at the Oval, Lord's, or Leyton the matter looks very simple. Every ball is taken easily, cleanly, and without any trouble, and, indeed, one of the marked characteristics of great stumpers is their quietness. It is a great mistake for the fielder in this position to make a noise; in fact, the more quietly the man has, the more silently will he do his work.

It has often struck me in watching ordinary cricket that some men in this position hardly seem to know what the duties are, though in order of importance I should think they stand as follows:

DUTIES.

Firstly, to hold catches at the wicket, then to stump batsmen who are over the crease, to run men out when the ball is returned from the fielders, to prevent byes and to run after the ball when it is so played that the wicket-keeper, and he alone, can save the run. A great many young fellows fancy that all they have to do as to prevent byes, and so they get in the habit of stopping balls that would often be wide instead of remembering that the nearer and more quickly they can take the ball at the stumps the better it will be.

Then comes to run a man out and catch the batsman, but the great thing to be learnt is to take up position closely as near the wicket as possible and standing close up so that the bails can be knocked off smartly. Perhaps the greatest difficulty of all is to remember that it is absolutely necessary to stand quite still in taking the ball. Unless you do so and your feet are fixed the eye cannot follow the ball correctly, and any moving about is fatal. The great feature is most certainly to learn to stand still and face the ball fearlessly.

How to take the ball is another important matter? Let the ball come into your hands as into the mouth of one of the "Aunt Sallies" at which you used to throw. They should give to the ball as it enters them, as this saves the hands. Of course, off slow or medium pace bowling there will be many more chances than off fast bowling.

Now, there is a very common fault that I should like to warn my young friends against, and it is the way in which many of them worry the umpire by making needless appeals. This is very bad form, although sometimes the bowler is to blame. A very good deal is often lost by appealing to the umpire unnecessarily, and once when an appeal was made to Bob Thoms he told the wicket-keeper "that the appeal ought never to be made, as the ball did not pitch in the parish," a rebuke that quite silenced the offender for the rest of the game.

THE CARE OF THE HANDS.

A good deal of attention should be given as to the way leg-balls should be taken. They are more difficult than other deliveries and so want a great deal more practice.

Take care of your hands! Butt, of Sussex, and Wood, of Surrey, had hands that were terribly knocked about. On the other hand, Fred Huish, of Kent, and Lilley, of Warwickshire, show hardly any signs of wear and tear. Humphries, of Derbyshire, the best man of today, has also taken great care of his hands. Blackham, the great Australian stumper, had a rough time for over twenty years, his hands gave no evidence of hard work. A dangerous position, some may think, and yet I have met stumpers who revelled in the position: Strudwick does at the Oval, so did David Hunter, who "kept" for Yorkshire when over fifty years of age.

DANGERS OF SEASIDE BOARDING-HOUSES.

We hear a lot in the comic papers about the summer-girl; but the average bachelor does not regard her in nearly a serious enough light. She, and, of course, her attendant relations—generally the mother and an aunt—are at the seaside on business.

This is why the bachelor who values his freedom should bear himself in boarding houses with the utmost circumspection. If there is a girl staying there, it is odds that he will be inveigled into being somewhere with her alone. For instance, after tea everybody, except her and her prospective victim, will miraculously drift off. And the next time the mother sees them she will archly observe, "And what have you two young people been doing, eh?" or make some such playful remark. And then the unfortunate is in a fair way of being hooked.

BEACH GAMES.

SOME IRRESPONSIBLE WAYS OF HAVING FUN ON YOUR SEASIDE HOLIDAY.

Although the great majority of us are wedded to some particular form of athletic exercise which we take with all seriousness, there are of necessity moments, and even longer spells, when we want to throw off seriousness altogether. We work hard and we play hard all the year round. And thus there is bound to come a time when we feel an irresistible impulse to give vent to the spontaneous irresponsibility that lurks in almost every man.

And what better time is there than when we are on our seaside holiday?

It is generally after our dip that the inclination comes to us, in the form of a wish to invent some new way of getting dry and restoring our circulation.

A good hard stretch of fairly flat beach, at an early hour in the morning, when there are few small children and fond mammas or scolding nurses about, is one of the best places in which to enjoy freak games, and when a fairly large number of men are gathered together, excellent opportunities are afforded for a lively half hour.

For instance, have you ever played "bare-footed sand football"? If not, you might do worse than try it. Mark out on the sand a pitch of regulation dimensions; or a little smaller, and then play two halves of a quarter of an hour or so each, with a large india-rubber ball, and bare feet.

This exercise, in nothing but your swimming costume, will serve as a splendid circulation-restorer, and give you a Gargantuan appetite for breakfast. And besides affording quite good fun, it will give you a "feel" of the ball, which will stand you in good stead when you next take up actual "footer" again.

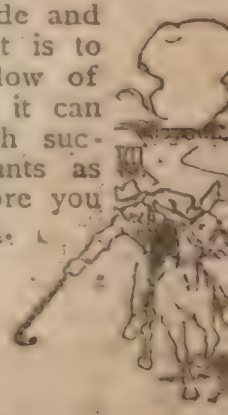
Not a bad sand game is a combination of football and lawn-tennis. Mark out an ordinary lawn-tennis court on the sand, and play with an indiarubber ball and bare feet, exactly according to the rules of lawn-tennis, except that the ball must be played entirely with the feet. The only exception to this rule is the service when the hands may be used. This game, played either as singles or doubles, is productive of very good fun.

Donkey-polo, though it is slightly more expensive, as it involves the hire of "mokes," is often fairly amusing. Played with a delightful disregard for rules, and with a small indiarubber ball and ordinary walking-sticks, it possesses many mirthful possibilities, especially when most of the players are inexperienced riders and their mounts are inclined to be obstinate.

If you can get together about twenty men or so, and find a quiet stretch of beach where you are not likely to be interfered with, sand-hockey is not a bad game. Walking-sticks with a crook or hunting-crop handle and a small soft ball are the only accessories required. In most cases, however, the referee has a busy time hauling up men for kicking the ball, for this is a temptation which is well-nigh irresistible to any man who is not an actual hockey player. If a player shows any overdue tendency to do this, he should be put in goal, for there he can kick the ball as much as he likes.

An elementary form of rounders is a good way of spending a slack half-hour. Mark out a ring about fifteen or twenty yards in diameter. The pitcher stands on one side and the batsman opposite him. The object is to hit the ball far enough away to allow of getting right round the circle before it can be fielded and thrown at you. Each successful completion of this circle counts as one run; but if the ball hits you before you are "home," your innings is at an end.

A. NORMAN.



SMALL STREAMS FOR SPORT

CAPITAL FISHING THAT IS OFTEN OVERLOOKED.

It has become rather the fashion to grumble at the lack of facilities for fishing, and to declare that this delightful sport, like so many more, is becoming one for the rich and privileged few rather than the sporting masses.

To a certain extent this complaint is more or less justified, but this is chiefly with regard to the large and generally recognised rivers and lakes.

Most of these are on the estates of private owners, and permission, with or without payment, is a necessary preliminary to the enjoyment of any sport with rod and line.

If these private waters were thrown open to the public without restriction, there would, in all probability, be an end to all sport, for they would be over-fished and the stocks would be exhausted.

Another loss to fishermen would be that of the funds for preserving and re-stocking the waters. So that on the whole it is best for the sport that so much of our English water is strictly preserved.

SPORT THAT IS OVERLOOKED.

There is, however, an extraordinary amount of very good fishing, of a small and unpretentious kind, to be had for the trouble—or pleasure—of looking for it. A very large amount of free and most enjoyable fishing is going begging in every county.

This is chiefly to be found in the innumerable streamlets and unheard-of ponds that are to be met with in all districts. There is hardly an area of a dozen square miles that is entirely without some water in which fish of a sporting size, and well worth angling for, exist in considerable quantities.

And the pursuit of these fish is one of the greatest pleasures the wise and ardent angler knows. For one thing, he usually has the water all to himself, sometimes for a whole season. Then, too, he knows with almost a certainty where he will find sport, and he can lay his plans, cast his flies, or sink his bait with a special aim, rather than with a general hope of success.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR FISH.

The little streams, of which I have many in my mind's eye as I write, abound in most parts, but they are often so small, being merely rivulets or tiny brooks, as to deceive even the practised fisherman as to what may be taken from their scanty waters.

It is a great mistake to judge a stream by its general size and volume of water. Perhaps for a week or two a tiny three-feet-wide trickle of water will meander through meadows and woodlands, looking more like a ditch than anything else.

But follow this rivulet into the fields, and indeed wherever it runs, and you will find that here and there, usually at a bridge or below an old lock, or under a natural or artificial waterfall, there have formed pools of considerable depth.

Practised eyes will readily detect the dark forms of trout shooting from the shallow stickle, where the stream enters, into the deeper water overshadowed by the bridge. These are the spots were sport is to be found, often in abundance and of excellent quality.

THE CALL FOR SKILL.

Fish, especially small river trout, are peculiarly attracted by certain localities and characteristics of watercourses, and the most unlikely places at times hold many good fish.

There is a special delight in fishing such unpretentious little pools as those I have indicated. All a sportsman's shrewd skill is required to defeat the keen senses of the fish. It is often a struggle between the human and the piscatorial individual rather than the casting of the lure upon the water in the hope of a capture.

The fisherman on tiny streams sees his fish, and stalks it with all the patience and cunning and excitement as the slayer of deer. He learns the difficult art of concealing himself where is little cover on the bank; and his excitement as he watches the unsuspecting fish gulp at his lure, reaches a pitch that no other sport can evoke.

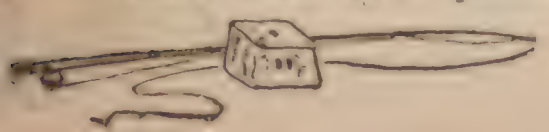
When the fish is securely hooked after a quick and well-timed strike, the angler has all his work cut out to keep the lively little creature within bounds.

A SENSE OF PROPRIETORSHIP.

Often he has to play his half-pound trout in a space that is cumbered with reeds, weeds, dead branches in the water and overhanging branches above it. Once let the fish twist itself round a twig or a stake and the game is up—for the sportsman. In a space often no bigger than the floor of an average-sized room he will have as much sport with a little trout as any man could wish for.

Not the least part of his pleasure is the solitude, the seclusion of the little pools, and the knowledge that he has found sport where others least suspect its existence.

A. Hodges.



THAT LITTLE SPEECH.

The average man makes a speech about once in ten years, and then he makes a hash of it. He goes about it in a stupid fashion as a rule. The occasion is usually a little dinner, perhaps, when he has to propose somebody's health and to respond to the toast of his own.

Or he may be the recipient of some "mark of esteem," as little presents are curiously called. As cricket club secretary, as a "jolly good fellow" who is leaving club, or office, after long association with pals, or in many another capacity, a man may be met with a demand for a speech.

If he is wise he will not begin to prepare for it a month in advance. If so he will work up a number of stiff and stilted phrases which, he thinks, sound well. They may sound well, but so does an empty barrel.

The mistake "the occasional" speaker makes is in trying to imitate the phrases, methods, and periods of those who are everlastingly speechifying.

After the dinner, or the presentation, when you rise to thank your pals, remember always that they are pals, and not strangers. Think that you are speaking to—not "addressing," please—one of your friends, and speak to them all just as if you had one of them by the arm walking across a cricket ground. Tell them simply, in words no matter how devoid of grammatical sequence and formation, exactly how you feel about it.

Be quite colloquial, and do not drop or rise, or try to rise, into a style of speech you have not once adopted before. Talk your thanks: do not "make a speech."

SOURED MEN.

WHY THEY EXIST.

The soured man is often, one might [illegible] say is generally, a disagreeable chap, but [illegible] are many exceptions to this rule—if rule it [illegible]

One of the nicest, straightest, most [illegible] able men I know is at heart a soured man, [though] only those who know him intimately are [aware] it, and even then from no spoken word of [his]

Nevertheless, he is a soured, disappointed [man] Possibly just because of his straightness, gentle and chivalrous nature, he has stuck comparatively humble position, while men a tithe of his ability and sterling worth have over his head to fat posts. He is soured [because] he has failed through no real fault of his own.

There is a certain well-known [political] journalist whom men who do not know [him] greatly.

To the public he is a genial type of [success] Yet he is a soured, embittered man. He has well, but not so well as he meant to do. aspired to be a force in politics, but he went of his depth. He pitted his wits and [cunning] against an astuter man, and he got "left."

The Army is full of soured men. Luck plays enormous part in a soldier's career. A really class man, a born leader, may eat his heart barracks all his service, while a duffer [turns] for campaign after campaign, gets [decorated] medals and promotion. The lucky duffer [ends] as a general and a K.C.B. The "good" man through no fault of his own has never had chance of proving his worth is shelved at [forty] or so, and retires to drag out a weary [existence] some second-rate watering-place.

The copy-books tell us that merit is [bound] be recognised, but emphatically this is [not] Men who did really valuable work in the African War got nothing, others who by self-advertisement happened to catch the eye and fancy were exalted into popular [heroes] and richly rewarded for having done [more] than their duty.

The Navy is not without its soured men, popular imagination pictures the sailor as a chap. Like his military brother the [naval] naval officer may never get a chance of service, and is passed over by second-rate have had the sheer luck to be on hand when fight was going.

Then there are lots of "broken" naval officers dragging out embittered lives. They were "broke," not because they were really to misdoing, but because the Admiralty demands a scapegoat when a battleship is [wrecked] or meets with any mishap.

If you were to stand in any of the courts of Temple and throw a stone, you could hardly to hit a soured barrister.

The public only know the successful K.C. his 300-guinea briefs and 100-guinea "[refreshers]"; they reck nothing of the great of briefless barristers, many of them men highest abilities, who have never had a exhibiting them.

Often an apparently successful man is because the public thrusts upon him [laurels] he does not want, and withholds the guerdon soul longs for.

The public would have nothing of the [late] Browne as a serious artist, though he had genuine art in his little finger than there is in whole body of many a Royal Academician. [Even] in his career they labelled him "comic," and the label stuck.

For goodness sake don't let it be thought moment that Tom Browne, sunniest, [most] soul that ever breathed, was a soured man he had his artistic ideals and ambitions, and public would not let him realise them.

False women and friends, the folly that is mitted in a moment but has to be paid for life's atonement, missed chances, the lack of opportunity, the seeming blindness and [injustice] of Fate, want of appreciation, the consciousness unmerited failure—these are some of the [causes] that sour men.

G. Atkins

THE CHURCH'S NEED FOR REFORM

THE GREAT NECESSITY FOR STRONG MEN.

The Church is in need of strong men. There is a lukewarmness about her ministers that is making for her undoing.

Some time ago the British stage passed, and to some extent is still passing, through a curious obsession called, or rather misnamed, "natural" acting. The chief characteristics of the exponents of this alleged new art of acting were that they spoke in an indistinct voice, said "I love you" in the tones of a man asking you to "pass the mustard, please," and walked, or rather shambled about with bent knees and an inverted back.

THE CULT OF THE NATURAL.

They, mind you, they were not imitating actual, daily dudes, they were supposed to be representing live men.

These painful idiots exuded a lot of nonsense about "reserve force," and were dreadfully afraid of "letting themselves go."

Church and Stage being closely allied, the latter caught the infection from the actors. And they are still suffering from the diseases of "reserve force" and so-called "naturalness."

Now, it is a common and just charge against the clergy that they are unnatural, that they adopt an affected, sing-song delivery. But the new style of "naturalness" in the pulpit is almost worse than the old unnaturalness.

I listened to a young parson of this type the other Sunday. Apparently he kept his hands in his pockets all the time he was preaching. Anyway, he kept his hands under the surplice all the time and never used them for gesture a point, not that there were any points in his sermon to hammer home. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that if there were any points one could not hear them, for he spoke as if he were addressing a drawing-room meeting.

BORED BY HIS OWN SERMON.

Does a natural man speaking to a multitude lower his voice? Of course he doesn't, and this so-called naturalness is, above all things, untrue to Nature.

Another characteristic of the "natural" actor is that he appears to take no interest in his part, but to be rather bored by it. And so with this young parson.

He said what he had to say without the slightest appearance of enthusiasm, conviction, or sincerity. I quite expected him to stop and yawn in the middle of his own sermon, as the late Duke of Devonshire did when making his maiden speech in Parliament. But he left the yawning to the congregation, more particularly to the male portion thereof.

How, then, can a man stir people, if he does not appear to believe in himself?

THE PREVAILING TEPIDITY.

This pulpit tepidity is not confined to the Church. Only the other day an eminent Nonconformist divine was lamenting to me the fact that the modern young minister of his denomination, which used above all other denominations to be famed for the fire and power of its advocates, is afraid to put his back into his work, to let himself go in the pulpit.

The modern sermon is tepid in delivery, and equally so in subject matter. Vital, but unpleasant problems are carefully avoided. Hell and damnation are never mentioned, or if they are then the parsons more or less apologise for dragging in such uncomfortable things.

The modern sermon is a moral, mental, and physical soporific. The Church has lost nearly all hold on the people, and is now mainly a religious preserve of the upper middle classes.

It is not weary, wandering sinners, but fat, stay-at-home pew-renters who matter.

What kind of a reception would a vagrant get if he attempted to enter nine out of ten of our churches?

He would be shown out, or, anyway, he would be made to feel that he was an unwelcome intruder.

THE FEAR OF TRUTH.

The modern parson too often has not the pluck to offend his middle-class congregation, to tell them the truth about their sordid, ignoble lives, to attempt to wake them from their selfish and self-satisfied lethargy.

The modern parson has the "bedside manner" to perfection, especially in the pulpit.

Occasionally, he will have a snobbish fling at the aristocracy, because his equally snobbish congregation like to be titilated by hearing about the sins of those above them.

The modern schoolmaster hardly dare cane a boy lest he be prosecuted for assault. The modern parson is afraid to give his flock home-truths lest he be asked to resign.

LITTLE MEN.

The Church is full of little men—little in body, mind, spirit, and voice. Small wonder then that she has lost her grip on real men.

The "natural" actor appealed mainly to silly women, and so does the modern parson, or certainly a large section of him.

He is a sort of religious shopwalker, and his back is bent in a perpetual obsequious bow.

The Church wants men who have got something to say, are not afraid to say it, and can say it in tones that carry conviction and reach the heart.

F. JOYCE.

HOW TO AVOID SUNBURN.

Most men like to sport a healthy tan, and for this reason spend as much time in the sun as possible. But by going out into blazing sunshine with a skin as white as notepaper they often get sunburn instead; and this is often so painful that they cannot bear the "feel" of a linen collar.

The great tip is to get tanned gradually. Wear a hat at first; and if you feel any burning sensation, rub the affected part with a little cold cream.

HOW TO CHOOSE SPORTING REQUISITES.

By H. C. WISDEN-LUFF, OF WISDEN'S.

It is by no means easy for the man who is not an expert to find just the right thing when he needs some new sporting "implement."

First of all it is not everybody who knows how to choose a really good cricket bat. It is of immense importance to get a weight to suit one. Of course, weights vary, but the average man will want a bat of about 2lb. 6oz. A small man will probably take about 2lb. 4oz., and a big man anything up to 2lb. 8oz.; but in every case there must be plenty of "back" in it—i.e., plenty of wood behind.

Most men know, of course, that a straight grain is eminently desirable, but not all of them are aware that if the grain is not straight, the bat is liable to chip away at the edge in the event of a stroke that is not made clean in the centre. In fact, in any case, there is a greater liability to crack.

Again, a bat should, of course, be tested for "balance." The weight should be evenly distributed all over, so that it "picks up well," to use the current phrase. Although, in reality, it may be fairly heavy, it should feel light in your hand.

The "spring" of the handle, too, is a very important point. There should be a good quick spring; and when you bend the handle, applying your weight slightly, it should regain its straightness immediately. Many inferior handles when tested in this way will remain bent for four or five minutes.

Before we leave the subject of cricket bats, this fact should be noted. Too much spring is as bad as none at all, for it produces a tendency to be "late" with your stroke.

Batting gloves should be of thick, pure-black, tubular rubber. The only test here is to pull the rubber slightly. If it shows a tendency to crack, it is inferior. You cannot tear good rubber. *Verb. sap.* By the way, the price of rubber batting gloves has been increased by as much as 25 per cent. by reason of the "rubber boom."

A word, now, about golf clubs. Here, again, a good club should have a "steely" spring so that it comes back quickly when it is bent.

The average length of a driving club is forty-two inches.

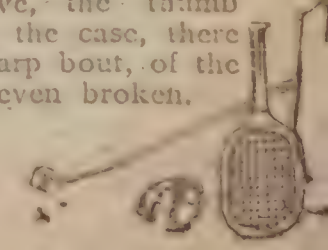
In a golf club, balance is of more importance than weight, so long as the latter is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 13oz.

There is a large amount of "faking" done nowadays among the more unscrupulous firms in the matter of tennis rackets. The best rackets are of English gut, which—it is rather an unsavoury subject, but never mind—is made of sheep's gut, whereas the imported variety is very often prepared from the gut of fishes.

A racquet of good English gut will wear away to the last thread, but a foreign one will often be found to snap clean away in places.

The Japanese are experts at faking fish-gut to look like the genuine thing; so that it is very difficult for a man who is not connected with the trade to detect the difference. However, it may be of some slight assistance to readers to tell them that foreign gut has always a slightly more transparent appearance than the English product.

Lastly, a reference to boxing gloves will not be out of place. Here the chief requirement is that the thumb should be short—though it should be comfortable—so as to admit of its being folded well over the forefinger. In an inferior glove, the thumb "sticks out"; and, if this is the case, there is always a great risk, in a sharp bout, of the thumb being badly hurt or even broken.



NOBBY NOBODY'S AFTERNOON

A SKETCH.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

"Your call, Starlight. Wot is it?"

"'Eads, Nobby."

"It's tails. See?"

"Dem! . . . 'Ere y'are. My luck's always out Saturdays."

"Thanks. That makes me a penny in on the play. . . . Look aht!"

A gentleman in blue appeared ponderously, and by the curb of Southampton Street, Strand, there was a sudden parting, devoid both of the ceremonial and the common courtesies of life. Starlight, with his remainder of the "Star's" Fourth Extra, came out straight past the Strand Palace Hotel, while his "friend" (and newspaperless) Nobby quietly dived in among the traffic and took ambush behind a mid-street rank of taxi-cabs.

"Phew!" he said. 'Enged if that chep 'ont cop me on the 'op one o' these 'ere fine days. Fink the best fing I can do is to keep out o' this, same as any other gentleman would."

It was in pursuit of his duly laid-down policy of his life that he sought the rearmost axle-box of a taxi-cab at the extreme end of the rank, and sat there for the space of several minutes.

He pulled a copy of the "Runners and Betting" edition of the "Evening News" from his pocket and perused it carefully, noting where he had made marks with a grimy pencil-stump that he kept concealed in the peak of his cap, pockets being untrustworthy places for the storage of treasure when one has light-fingered friends who are rather misty on the laws of property. Nobby had several acquaintances of this description, and they disappeared at times, returning after three days' detention, and so many strokes of the birch.

He was finding the newspaper very interesting when he heard a pulsating from the engines forward, and he got off just as the cab started away. Fate seemed altogether against Nobby Nobody that afternoon.

"It's even bettin', too," he said to himself, "that I shall 'ave a bad d'y into the bargain. Never *did* do any good at Luv'ly Lingfield, as Cap'n Coe calls it; never did do a pennorth o' good there!"

Ruminating thus dolefully, he slipped up Covent Garden way.

A gentleman who wore a very large cap, and was setting a new fashion for the hot weather that dispensed with both collar, neckerchief, and a goodly portion of the seat of the trousers, intercepted him.

"Ah. Glad I seen you, Nobby," said he. "Hanged if I can make 'eads or tails o' your paper. Now look 'ere——"

He produced a Maypole butter bill, on the back of which were the hieroglyphics of Nobby. "I'll read it," the less-clothing faddist went on. "'Ere we are. *Fritence win The Greek; if cash, fripence win Master Bill.* Then you draws a line. *If cash, sixpence each way Mary Carmichael.* There's three bets totallin' one an' six, and all the rhino in the paper was fripence. It ain't good enough——"

"But any respectable bookie," began Nobby, witheringly.

"No they *wouldn't*. You know that right enough, Nobby. . . . Anyway, if my rules ain't good enough for you, you take your c'missions somewhere's else. 'Ere's your fripence. . . . *Nak* what's the matter?"

Nobby stamped his foot, put his nose in the air, and walked away whistling, first hissing under his breath, "Nark! Follow me!"

They stopped, breathless, round the corner.

"Couldn't you see 'im, the chap with the boots agin the "Opinion" office? . . . You know what the fine is, too, for your line o' business. Fifty quid or six months. Don't you know that it's people like you," added Nobby, witheringly, "'oo are preyin' on the innocent multitoode?"

He grinned.

"I know that's right," he went on grandly, "'eard it when they let me off wiv a caution for arguin' the point with a rozzer. It's somethin' awful in the Police Court I tell you. I was in an ace o' goin' an confessin' my sins an' seein' if the good, kind gentlemen wouldn't get my losin's back off you—same as in a case they had before 'em that mornin'. Totted up seventy-five jimmy o' goblins *that* case did, I believe."

"Stow the gab!" said the collarless one, shortly. "Wot are ye goin' to do about this paper? It's only two minutes to the first race, nah."

"Chink!" Mr. Nobby Nobody drew himself up. "You carn't s'y as I 'aint alw'ys acted a true sportsman. Look. 'Ere's a tanner, an' I'll alter me paper, leavin' Mary Carmichael right out of it. They'll make 'er a very 'ot pot, and I don't fancy 'orses when they're *too* warm favourites. Those 'ot pots boil over. In other words somethin' comes up and pips 'em on the post. So I'll leave '*Fripence win The Greek*' (they say Morton fancies 'im to-dy) '*if cash fripence win Master Bill*,' an I'll add '*Fripence win Prince of Song*' (that kid Wootton's bound to ride, though *I* fear West—bloomin'—Dean, 'oo owes me tuppence nah); '*if cash fripence win Romney.*' Goo'-bye, Chink."

"Goo'-bye, Nobby. Keep care o' your precious self."

"I don't need to ask *you* to do that. *You* prey on the innocent multitoode, you know, Chink."

The frayed-edged trousers of the penny bookmaker disappeared around the corner, and seeing that it was ten minutes past two, Mr. Nobby Nobody sauntered down towards the Strand.

At the bottom of Southampton Street he met his friend Starlight again.

"Want to match me for that penny I've got o' yours, Starlight?" said Nobby, tauntingly.

"No. You're too 'ot."

"You don't mean to say——," Nobby began warmly.

"No. I mean you're too blarmed lucky."

"Well, you can't 'elp luck," said Nobby, mollified. "Tell you wot, Starlight, I can put you in the way o' makin' brass on the cheap to-day. I'll throw your penny back, an' you simply tell me every winner at Lingfield—just as they come up. See?"

"Right. Chuck us the stiver. 'Allo! I'm off."

Riding nothing short of wondrously, and with the heavy canvas bag slung over his shoulders, "Chink," the Penny Bookmaker, came cycling along, followed clamorously by a rabble of urchins who reached out for their prescribed amount of papers. . . Among other grimy paws Starlight's clutched a dozen and a half.

"Fust winner!" he shouted, dashing past the bottom of Southampton Street.

"Land League!" he hissed to Nobby. "Greek, second."

"Oh blight!" exclaimed that young worthy. "I always *did* s'y as backin' 'orses was a mug's gime. That means I ha' got nothin' on Master Bill an' it looks any odds on the blighter coppin.' . . .

"They'll *bet* odds on, too!" he said to himself, referring to the "Runners and Betting" edition again.

He dallied with three coins as Chink, relieved of burden, cycled past.

"Want me?" Chink called suddenly, up with the precision of a trick cyclist, dismounting.

"Ye-es," said Nobby uncertainly, still jin the three copper coins.

"Well, buck up about it. I've got to get bac said the opulent bookmaker.

"W'y," said Nobby, "I just remembered so thin', that's all——"

"Well, you can trust me to write it Hand me the ready."

"You'll write it down? Right. Wel the other thing the magistrate said was public havin' got the gamlin' fever go on d themselves that they can get back their l the pernishus street bookmaker been there foster their deprived desires.' That's all. Ha-ha! That got yer. And no back Ta-ta Chink."

Chink rode off, much enraged.

"Man 'oo 'esitates is lost. makin' The Greek a loser in the Nobby, "'as thus warned me to keep Bill. I'll stand by Fite like the Lyceum always does."

Sauntering past Romano's as the clock 2.40, Mr. Nobby Nobody, catching a whiff good things, sighed.

"If only The Greek 'ad won I could 'avin' a very fair understudy to that whiff the Adelphi," he ruminated.

"Second winner!" echoed musically Strand, and Nobby heard a tense whisper across space by the almost racing Starlight.

"Master—Bill—h-eight to one!"

Nobby stood agonisedly still and noted the street boys flying down-Strand obnoxious call, "Second winner, Second

"Gawd!" sighed Nobby, turning up Street to get out of the noise of it. (let's see, eight fripences is two shillin beautiful bob difference to me on the the bloomin' Greek!"

He went off murmuring etceteras swing of his refrain, murmuring them and through clenched teeth. It was tragedy—and in Nobby's little set eyes was the expression that deplored a chance of making a fortune.

It was almost a tragedy.

"I've done with 'em—done with racin'! almost wept to himself, and then, to amuse himself in Chandos Street, back again in to the Strand.

True to the homily of the magistrate, who had treated him so ruthlessly practically beneath the wheels of Chink's ing bicycle.

"Look here," he said desperately. ha' backed that last winner. I've got Will you take it—Mary Carmichael big 'un—the next race?"

"I think it's a cert for the filly Taylor's are in form," said Chink. over. Ta-ta. You're a warm 'un, *you* are.

Nobby *was* indeed warm ten minutes when the perspiration poured off him as he waited the passing of Starlight—"Oliversmith won!" shrieked Starlight. drops, Nobby ran by his side.

"Where was Mary What d'ye-Call-'er asked breathlessly.

"Second. . . . Paiper, sir!"

And the demented Nobby ran until he the cool belt of the Thames Embankment young butcher of the Borough drove past raised a recognisant whip.

"Comin' over home?" he asked.

"Yes," said Nobby, hopping up nimbly.

"Wot's up, kid?" asked his friend.

"Everything," answered Nobby. to me takin' a h-oath! From this finished with racin'! See this wet this dry . . . "

Nobby went through the prescribed form. The Book of Kings had lost yet another adherent!

* * * * * * *

It was late that night that Mr. Nobby Nobody (who had severed his connection with the Turf) happened to pick up a dropped extra special edition containing "all the winners," having the curiosity to see how the cricket had progressed. By the merest accident his eye happened to light on the racing, and he looked down the last column of races nervously.

"Prince of Song!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Prince of Song—copped four to one!"

He went tremblingly down the column to the name.

"Romney—at a 'undred to thirty!" he muttered. "Lucky. Let's see! I win a bob over the Prince and tuppence over Romney. One and ten an' me stake back. . . . Well old Chink, you get a new pair o' trousers out o' me *this* week!"

And Mr. Nobby Nobody turned to the notes on the prospects for the next week's racing.

HOLIDAY CORRESPONDENCE.

Nothing is more annoying to a man on his holiday than the frequent absence in his lodgings of any facilities for writing letters, cards, or any other matter. As a rule a man has to hurry out and buy a penholder, a penny bottle of vile ink that spills when you remove the cork, and some third-rate paper and envelopes.

To avoid all this discomfort pack up with your things a few sheets of your own paper and some envelopes.

See you have a fountain pen well and good; if not, put a penholder and a nib or two of your favourite sort into your bag. Also a thick chunk of blotting-paper, folded about the size of a sheet of notepaper, and you will be able to write anywhere. Or better still, get a writing-case and stock it.

Take the trouble to bring the remainder of the paper home with you. People who have written to it may use it, and if your address is printed on it, it may lead to complications.

OXYGEN AND THE RUNNER.

Young men who have tried the plan of inhalation of oxygen before a foot-race, declare that they cannot really believe that they are running hard; they come in at the end of the quarter-mile, having beaten their record, with no sense of having made a special effort; they feel fresh and ready to start again after more oxygen and a short rest.

Thus a famous scientist in a recent work; and though his words are doubtless true in every respect, they are likely to meet with more approval from scientists than from actual sportsmen. For, from the point of view of fairness, the very bed-rock of true sportsmanship, they seem to possess a certain question-able element.

Take, for instance, that in a race contested between competitors, two men took oxygen and the others did not. The two who did would obviously enjoy a decided advantage. Again, that all took it; the result would be the same as if none of them had done so, except for the fact that it would be extremely difficult to administer an equal dose to each.

Then, the amount that one man could take without ill-effects might possibly prove more than injurious to another, a condition that no sportsman would care to contemplate.

The great benefits to mankind that have resulted from the efforts of men of science must, of course, be rated too highly; but in the case under discussion it would seem that their intrusion into the sphere of athletics is somewhat undesirable.

COOKERY IN DIGGINGS

HOW A MAN MAY ADD TO HIS COMFORTS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

There are times in the experience of every man when he finds himself without the opportunity of getting what he wants, through the ordinary channels.

His diggings may be very comfortable, and his landlady's attention to his needs may, within strict limitations, be all that can be justly included in his rent.

With all her good will, however, it happens that in the matter of cooking a man has to conform to the ordinary broad outlines of the house's arrangement. That is to say, he cannot expect at odd times to have little meals cooked for him or for a friend, and he feels a little put out if he cannot do just as he likes in these matters.

THE BACHELOR COOKS.

Now and then his business arrangements or his pleasure plans upset his ordinary regular existence, and it is at such times that the man who can do a little simple cooking is at a tremendous advantage over his fellows.

It may be that he is away from home until very late. He has been away for a week-end and lands home about midnight. Letting himself into his rooms, he finds the house silent, probably asleep. There comes over him a keen desire, perhaps, for a cup of coffee, or tea. Or he could eat an egg.

But how can he get them? He has no knowledge of how to cook these things. Moreover, if he knew how, it is ten to one that he has not the means to set about it. He therefore slips hungry and weary to bed, perhaps satisfying himself with a whisky-and-soda, which may or may not keep him awake.

Such a man—and he is probably in the vast majority among those who live permanently in diggings—has missed half the pleasure of independence. He is not independent as a matter of fact, for he is at the mercy, in these little things, of a despotic, autocratic tyrant of a landlady.

THE SMALL WORRIES.

These little things are, however, at the root of much of a man's comfort.

One of the commonest occurrences is that a pal should look in for a chat and a smoke during the evening. The host is naturally delighted to see him, and does his best to make his visitor welcome and comfortable.

How badly he is handicapped if he is dependent on the whims of his landlady for every bit of his food and drink, only those know who have been placed in the position.

He may feel a keen desire to have a pipe or cigarette over a cup of good coffee, and without the trouble of going out to a restaurant or café (where the coffee may be vile); but if he is obliged to get it from below it may so happen that his landlady is not in a coffee-making mood, and with lame apologies he entertains his friend with other means.

On the other hand, the man who can receive his guest and spend an hour or two with him, and busy himself with the preparation of just a little refreshment, is the man who has conquered one of the most telling objections to diggings.

While his friend gives him all the news he is leisurely occupied with a few simple operations which in a few minutes culminate in a fragrant cup, and together they sit and chat and sip and smoke.

These little attentions go to the making of real friendships.

It must not be supposed that the above circumstances are the only ones in which a little knowledge of simple cookery is of use to a man.

Often he wants to leave home by a very early train long before the rest of the house is astir. He does not want to go hungry and chilly, and so he turns to his cupboard and makes himself something hot.

THE PLEASURE HE GETS.

He may have work to do, and a little refreshment during the night hours is always acceptable.

He may prefer to make his own afternoon tea rather than drink the poisonous, sour, deep-coloured stew that is sent up for him.

And he may simply take a pleasure in doing these things for himself and his friends.

From whatever motive, however, the pleasure in doing them, and in being able to do them just when he will, has its compensations. Moreover, they need not become a source of expense if he will set about things properly.

And for the man who likes these things about him here are a few hints. In the first place, he must have heat. He can either keep a length of tubing (made for the purpose) to connect with his gas-burner, or he can have an oil lamp stove.

If there is gas in his rooms the tube method is best. In this case all he needs is a length sufficient to reach, without strain, to the ground. He must also have a stand on which to place the little iron ring burner where he will boil his kettle and cook his eggs.

None of these things are expensive, and tube, ring, and stand (a solid stool, or even an empty box will do) can be purchased, of good quality, for 5s.

A thin plate of metal put across the fire-bars, or down in the fender, makes a safe and steady base.

THE UTENSILS.

He must have a kettle; not a large one, but a pint kettle, or, perhaps one holding a pint and a half. Larger ones take such a time to boil.

He will need a little saucepan, also very small—just large enough to hold a couple of eggs, or half a pint of milk in case he wants *café au lait*. Neither of these will cost him much money. A few shillings a-piece will buy the best.

Of china, a couple of cups and saucers, a spoon or two, and a plate or two will always be sufficient, for it must not be supposed that this little scheme of his must be allowed to take the place of regular meals. Its charm would be gone at once.

If he would have still further convenience, and if he is likely to have comparatively elaborate little snacks, let him always keep that commonplace but useful thing called a tin-opener! There are times when he wants to open tins, and without the opener he hacks and cuts both himself and his scissors or tongs, or whatever he tries to do the job with.

USEFUL ETCETERAS.

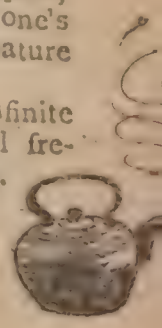
He might also get a small frying-pan if he is a man of ambition and add frying to his accomplishments.

A corkscrew is useful. There are many relishing things that are corked up, besides whisky.

In winter or summer he will find all these things useful. Coming from theatre or sport, from work or walk, it is pleasant to have in one's own rooms all that is necessary for creature comfort.

And as time goes on he will learn an infinite deal of useful, simple cookery that he will frequently be glad to utilise.

F. WHYBROW.



IN THE HOLIDAY EXPRESS.

A STUDY IN EXCITEMENT.

It is pleasant to listen to the scraps of conversation that are passing hourly between men all over the country just now. They may be heard in lunch hours, during tea intervals, in the morning and evening trains, and at many other times when business does not absorb the attention.

The burden of them all is the love a man carries buried in his heart for certain little scraps and spots of England and the Empire, called "home" by some, and by names almost as beautiful by others.

But whatever name is given the subject that has thus roused interest is—holidays.

It is almost astonishing to find this hunger to be somewhere far away cropping up in the lives of men who, you supposed, were such hardened, inveterate townsmen and business men that they had lost all trace of sentiment in their natures.

The prospect of release, however, has awakened interests and feelings that have been dormant for a year; and now, like some joyful news, the expression of their hopes and intentions has spread into the very strongholds of commerce.

Soon the present anticipation will be the delicious realisation, but before one changes into the other there is that brief period when the one verges in the other in the actual process of travelling.

Of all the strange and pleasant phases through which a holiday-maker passes there is none to equal this period between the time he throws off the restrictions and responsibilities of his life's work and the hour when he sets his bag down on the arrival platform at his Mecca and sees to its conveyance to his home or diggings.

If ever there be a time when a man can be excused for giving himself up to unrestrained foolishness, surely this is the time. He wants to throw aside his hat, turn up his trousers, and tear across the fields, jumping ditches, vaulting gates, taking short cuts through preserved woods, and shouting for very delight in a free life.

At least this is how I feel, and I believe I am normal in this respect.

Such full-spirited men find it hard to sit still in the railway carriage behind a paper as they have done morning after morning when going to business.

He gets up from his seat, looks first from one window and then from another, scanning the surrounding country for signs that he can recognise—signs that will tell him he is nearing his longed-for destination.

And when, far ahead, in the dim distance, he sees some feature of the land that he has known from early days his heart gives a bound and an extra heavy thump that almost betrays his excitement to his travelling companions, if his previous restlessness has not already done so.

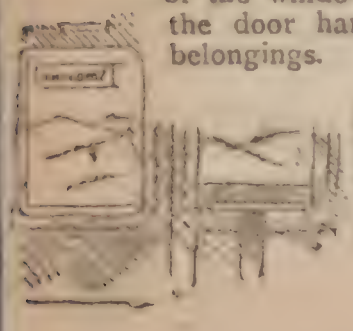
The dim wavy line of his native hills, the first glimpse of the still far-off sea, the tops of the village houses, the spire of a church, the whole atmosphere and aspect of the holiday land, all have their effect in raising his spirits to a pitch that they seldom attain at other times.

But even in his restless excitement he is thoroughly enjoying himself.

Anticipation at last shows definite signs of giving way to actual realism, when suddenly he is conscious of that deep boring, grinding sound that tells him that the brakes are on at last.

The train rushes past more and more little houses, darts with ever slackening pace and a sudden gasp, beneath bridges, and at last, with a final clutching of the brakes and a sigh of steam, draws up at the platform.

He is out in an instant. At the risk of having his head knocked off he has been leaning out of the window for a long way, one hand on the door handle and the other gripping his belongings.



And here we may safely leave him to lose himself amid all that is to him of the very essence of enjoyment.

N. CHARLES.

MY NOTEBOOK.

EMOTION IN A MAN.

A friend and I had what was to me a very interesting discussion the other evening. We were chatting on the subject of emotion in a man.

He took the view that any evidence of emotion or tender-heartedness in a man took away from his masculinity. He cited the cases of several men known to both of us. They were men who showed few evidences of possessing what are commonly called the "finer" emotions—good-hearted chaps in their way, and undoubtedly popular, but not the sort of men to whom you would go for sympathy and understanding if you were in trouble.

Then he mentioned another—whom I shall miscall Smith—and I saw at once that his argument broke down. The other men I knew just as well as most of their friends did, but Smith happens to be one of my most particular friends.

THE EXTERIOR OF SMITH.

In business and in social life he has an outward manner suggestive of standoffishness and almost of exaggerated dignity. He is popular with all who meet him, but those with whom he is generally coming in contact are not of the type that seek to read a man's heart—they are mostly of the sporting and athletic order, who take life and people just as they find them—with a good deal of emphatic comment when they are annoyed about anything, but without suffering keenly from any disappointment.

If you asked them whether Smith was a tender-hearted chap they would probably deny it. But I happen to know differently. Beneath an apparently careless exterior is hidden one of the warmest and most sympathetic hearts that beat.

Of the men whom my friend cited to prove his argument, Smith is the only one I know very intimately; but a consideration of his case leads me to believe that the heart of each of them is warm and tender also, for unless it were so I do not think they would ever be so popular as they are.

If a man knows that he happens to be the possessor of a tender heart, he does his utmost to conceal the fact, but, though he may hide it, it is still there, and it is because of Smith's soft heart, the existence of which hardly anyone suspects, that I have the keenest admiration for him.

It is the discovery of these hidden traits that makes the friendship of man and man such a rare and sacred thing. And thus it is that the more one gets to know one's friends, the higher opinion one must have of the race in general, for one realises that every man possesses his own little holy of holies.

UNPREMEDITATED HOLIDAYS.

Now is the season of holiday-making, and I should like to give just one word of warning in order that your enjoyment of your holiday may be as great as possible.

My advice to you is not to make too many plans and preparations.

Plans have to be altered, and preparations—however carefully made—have a nasty trick of proving inadequate.

Some of the most pleasant holidays I have ever had have been thrust upon me in the way of business without more than a few hours' warning.

You find that you have to set off some evening upon a long railway journey on a business mission. Your first feeling is that you cannot possibly undertake it as you have had no time to make preparations; but you tackle the job, and discover to your surprise that you are enjoying yourself.

There is a novel sort of pleasure in the unpremeditated holiday, and I advise you to try it if opportunity offers.

THE FASCINATION OF TERRITORIAL WORK.

A problem of [illegible] passing interest to Territorials is propounded to me by a Islington reader.

"In a swimming club to which I belong," he writes, "there are many Territorials like myself, but there are other members who refuse to join the Force, although they are nice chaps to whom the work would be easy.

"The secretary is one of them, and we get him to change his mind.

"Last night he asked me whether I enjoyed the drills, and being ordered by officers who knew less concerning work than many of their men.

"I couldn't honestly say that I [illegible] some of the things that I have to do. Though quite truthful, I have sometimes thought seriously of saving up the £5 that would buy me my discharge, for when those in command are unjust or insulting it goes against a man's stomach; but resigning has never got further than thinking about. I soon get over grievances, and, except just [illegible] would take a lot to make me give up voluntarily the right to wear the uniform.

"All the same, I don't exactly know why I enjoy Territorial work. I do enjoy it, but I couldn't say what parts of it I like. Perhaps you, being a Territorial yourself, can explain why Territorial life is so fascinating in spite of the trouble and time it requires."

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

This matter has on [illegible] one occasion been brought to my notice by friends of [illegible] whom I have endeavoured to recruit, whom I am particularly anxious to see wearing his Majesty's uniform is the [illegible] amateur boxer I know.

Every time I try to induce him to [illegible] asks me why he should sweat himself for people, why he should submit to being ordered by them, and why he should give up his spare time to an alleged "recreation" where the discipline is much more strict and [illegible] than the discipline demanded by the [illegible] whose office he works.

Questions like these are very hard to answer, especially if you *have* had experience of Territorial work.

Where, for example, does the fun come in when you trot for a lengthy period without stirrups, as in a mounted unit you will certainly have to do? Where to the recreation in the enjoyment in working all day at [illegible] being on guard all night, and working [illegible] following day? And this is occasionally demanded of him.

Such things are but items in Territorial work, but they are not very pleasant [illegible] at the moment.

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

Someone once said to me that Territorial work was to him much like a plunge in cold water—a little bit unpleasant at the moment, but wonderfully exhilarating in its after-effects.

I think there is something to be said for this view of the case. You refuse an invitation in order that you may put in a drill, you grumble a bit, but as you come home from that drill you feel a happy sensation of increased competence at military work, your blood tingles with the exercise you have [illegible] gone, you feel you have done your duty, in short, you are very well pleased with yourself.

Territorial work has its drawbacks, but it has also its tremendous charm. Just where the charm may lie is a matter of opinion, but there are few Territorials who will [illegible] its existence.

INTO HARNESS AGAIN.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

Some men come back from their holidays fit for work. Idleness has palled upon them, and for days beforehand they have been looking forward to a resumption of the daily grind.

Other men, however, are usually their own masters, although there are subordinates, old customers and the like, who take a holiday more as a duty than a pleasure, and are secretly chafing all the time to be back at their desks. There is a great difference between working for oneself and working for others. Of course, an employer works for others—wife, children, but he is a master. He returns from his holiday to that power which all men enjoy. His interests are "live," vital interests, an essential part of him, so that he may well enjoy taking up the reins again.

It is a very different matter when you are a servant and have to get into harness again.

Even your progress to the office on the morning of your return, is apt to resemble that of Shakespeare's schoolboy:

"With his satchel
Shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

You awake that first morning after the holidays with the surge of the sea in your ears or the scent of new-mown hay in your nostrils. Perhaps when that accursed knocking at the door broke in upon you were, in your dreams, playing a fish among trout, smacking "sixes" over the ground, bringing off your Wilding time after time, driving at golf as never you drove before, or perhaps, if you are of a more amorous and flirtatious, you were sitting with your lady love in some secluded corner of a moonlit garden, drivelling the same old drivel, telling the same old lies.

And then there came that cursed knocking at the door, and you awoke from your dreams of a trim "Lenore" to find that it was only a slovenly slavey with the tepid water, that the pounding was not the surge of the sea, but the rumbling of motor-buses that was in your ears.

You are so far from waking to sally forth to the links, cricket field, or golf links, it was only twenty minutes past eight, and if you didn't hurry, slippery, you would be late at the office. The atmosphere of the office was oppressive after the green fields. Your fellow-clerks were surly and disinclined for conversation. They showed no interest in your tales of mighty deeds of fabulous hits and mighty drives. The work was nauseating. So unutterably tedious and monotonous. And you couldn't get the hang of it. You had to ask questions which you got snappish answers. You made mistakes, and the chief clerk barked at you.

The hours crawled by on leaden feet. You longed that lunch time would never come. When it did at last arrive there was not much satisfaction in it. The crowded, stuffy, smoky restaurant or tea-shop. The indifferent food that choked you anyhow.

Then back to the office again, and grinding away till five or six.

Then the rush for train, tram, or 'bus, followed by the ill-cooked lodging-house meal. After that a solitary pipe or perhaps a visit to a cheap music-hall. The thought of to-morrow, and the unending vista of to-morrows, all alike, grey and dreary.

For a brief space you had been a free man, now once more you were a minor part of an inexorable machine. Of course, the feeling of depression, of hopelessness, of straining against a collar that galls, wears off.

But "getting into harness again" is a little tragedy that is played all through the summer months.

L. A. MARTIN.

NOT SALVATION.

At the close of a Salvation Army meeting a man was noticed staying behind and looking round him a good deal, so one of the workers went up to him and asked, "Are you seeking salvation, my friend?"

"No," was the reply; "I'm seeking Sal Martin."

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

A youth of obscure parentage got a commission in a certain crack regiment, greatly to the annoyance of the snobs of the mess.

One of these gentlemen asked him one day, "What was your father?"

"A baker," was the reply.

"Well, why didn't he make a baker of you, then?" proceeded the snob.

"What was your father," asked the other.

"Oh, my father was a gentleman"—and this with great pomp.

"Then why didn't he make a gentleman of you, then?"

And the snob left him alone after that.

JUSTICE.

There was once a Justice of the Peace whose friend was brought up before him. The friend protested he hadn't done anything. But the constable said he had, and the Justice of the Peace couldn't help agreeing with the constable.

"I am sorry," said the magistrate to his friend; "but you must go to prison for two months."

"I want justice!" stormed the friend.

"All right," said the magistrate sadly. "Then you must go to prison for six months."

LOGICAL.

He was trying to clean his straw hat with whisky, and when asked why he was doing so, he said:

"Well, I wear my straw hat when it's hot. And when it's hot, I'm tired. And when I'm tired, I want reviving. And when I want reviving, I lick my hat.

WILLIE'S TROUBLE.

Weary Willie was locked up and very sorry for himself.

"Well, my good man," said the prison chaplain, "and what brought you here?"

"Dunno," said Weary Willie. "S'welp me if I could make out. Someone did say as 'ow they put me in for fragrancy."

He: Have you read Scott?
She: Oh, isn't he adorable!
He: How did you like "Ivanhoe"?
She: It's just heavenly, I think.
He: And "Rob Roy"?
She: Of course! I loved it.
He: And Scott's Emulsion?
She: Oh, that was best of them all.

WHY?—

WITH REASONS.

Why do they call it the Rubber Boom?
Because we are always hearing reports of it.

* * *

Why does M.A.P. declare that Rotterdam is the most vicious port in Europe?
Because of the many dam rotters there.

* * *

Why has one of our leading young actors, Mr. Robert Loraine, taken up aviation?
Because he wants to get more accustomed to the wings and the flies.

* * *

Why should Woolley, the Kent bowler, go in for steeplechasing?
Because his long hops at the sticks are so successful.

* * *

Why is King George going to create a Naval Guard for his person?
Because he knows that the Tar will stick to him well.

* * *

Why is Mr. Frank Curzon?
Because it has been suggested that his recent matinée hat incident was a put-up job.

* * *

Why have some details of the would-be secret Veto Conference leaked out?
Because there has been a split in it.

* * *

Why have the police got their eye on certain West-End restaurants?
Because they believe that customers indulge in too many trifles and larks there.

* * *

Why is Lord Kitchener no longer on the Council of Defence?
Because the Government were afraid he would roast them too much.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER TO SMOKERS—

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE WAY TO STAND.

How many men know how to stand?

If you want to know your own natural posture when erect stand as though you are looking over a fence.

Do it before a glass, and you will be astonished at the really good figure you cut. Your chest is rounded, your shoulders are back, and the neck and back are straight. You seem at least an inch taller than usual. Then take up your old casual position, those obtruding hips, and those beastly sloping shoulders.

Once you have done this you will want to stand properly, and trying that upright but easy posture will become your natural one, and you will be "a fine figure of a man," as the Irish say.

A NEW EXERCISE FOR AN OLD POSITION.

Keep the head up

The first position, depicted in the illustration, is familiar to all of you, but the exercise is probably a new one.

Stand with the arms extended above the shoulders, and head thrown back. Slowly bend back as far as possible, and slowly return to the first position. As you persevere with the exercise you will find that you can go back to an astonishing degree.

After regaining the first position bend as far as possible to the left, and then to the right. Take care to keep the arms straight and well above the shoulder-blades, so that the thumbs almost touch.

This is an exercise which should be repeated some twenty or more times every morning.

TRAINING FOR SWIMMING RACES.

The methods of training for swimming differ to a very great extent from those in all other forms of athletics.

Swimming differs from all other sports, because its votary must look upon plenty of flesh as an asset, whereas those engaged in other sports must look upon it as a danger.

What must a swimmer train for?

First, he must have plenty of good pliable muscle; second, a plentiful supply of wind; and third, an extraordinary staying power.

The great difficulty is how to build up muscle and stamina without reducing the fleshy tissues.

The first thing to be done is a steady, regular amount of exercising.

Remember that exercises such as those given on this page should be done all the year round.

Walking, and brisk walking at that, is excellent training for the swimmer.

The long-distance man may confine his training to the morning exercises and the walk, in addition, of course, to his work in the water.

A more strenuous course of training is necessary for the short-distance man.

In addition to his walking the latter should do a little running as well.

Exercises with the Indian clubs are an excellent thing for the man who wishes to become a really good sprint swimmer.

In the morning massage the leg and arm muscles. Stroke them, rub them, punch them and pull them, and they will not become stiff when you want to get first-class work out of them.

Besides the morning tub, have an occasional hot bath, after which massage and use a good embrocation.

At the very least two months should be given up to strict training before a race. Start slowly and steadily. Don't attempt to cover the whole course till you have been at work for two or three weeks, and then it should not be all covered at racing pace.

It is best to get into the water twice a day, covering half the course in the morning (for sprint-racing, that is) and the whole course in the evening. Don't overdo your training or cramp will be the result.

Cultivate a regular stroke. It is a good plan to hum a tune while swimming and strike in time to it.

It is a good general rule, if you are slight, to take such nutriment as will pile up the flesh, but be very careful not to overwork. If you are bulky you should train hard, and exercise great care in your diet.

Never take spirits while in training, and it will be to your advantage to be, temporarily at least, a teetotaller. Smoke as little as possible, too, but if you really can't knock it off altogether, let the indulgence take the form of an occasional pipe.

AN EXERCISE FOR THE WHOLE BODY.

Here is an exercise from which the whole body, especially the trunk, will derive great benefit.

Place a chair about 2½ ft. away from your bed. Lie face downwards on the chair, the abdomen resting on the seat. Put your heels underneath the cross-bar supporting the mattress. If possible, get the chair seat on a level with this bar.

Now raise the shoulders, keeping the head and neck level, as high as possible, the strain falling on the hips and calf muscles.

A good test of the abdominal muscles.

Return to the original position, and next lower the shoulders as much as possible, again returning to the original position.

When this has been done several times try it with one arm extended, and then with both.

The value of the exercise can be added to later on by clasping the hands over the nape of the neck.

This exercise will do a great deal to relieve stomach disorders, but I must warn you against repeating it too often.

Half a dozen movements are quite sufficient for the first morning. Add one the following morning, and so on till you repeat it a dozen times.

THE P.C. NOTEBOOK.

May I suggest to readers of this page that, when they have read their MODERN MAN through, they should cut out the exercises and paste them into a notebook which should be kept specially for such cuttings.

And as I intend occasionally to give simple remedies for common ills, it would be well to keep another notebook into which all such remedies should be pasted. This applies especially to readers in diggings.

If one goes to a chemist for a remedy it is natural that the one offered will not be the cheapest, while the landlady, estimable person she may be, is not trustworthy as an amateur doctor.

In many cases readers have a pet remedy of their own for frequently-occurring complaints, and of course, if these have proved efficacious in the past, stick to them by all means, but it is a mistake to be always trying remedies suggested by well-meaning friends.

Last week I alluded to some simple remedies for constipation, and suggested that vegetable food should always be tried before recourse is had to medicine.

Here are some further particulars regarding a suitable diet for this complaint. Porridge, brown bread, and stewed fruits are the best foods.

Always see that your coffee or tea is weak.

Stewed figs are usually efficacious, and with cream make a delightful dish.

It must be remembered, though, that exercise must be part of the cure. A regular course of the exercises on this page will go a long way towards removing the evil.

HOW TO LIVE TO BE 100.

Much has been written in an endeavour to show how one may live to reach 100 years of age, but the consensus of opinion of both health experts and our leading medical men is that this age can only be reached by a person who, in the first instance, has a perfect constitution, and who does not impair vitality or staminal power by any unnatural mode of living. To reach this age, one must, in a word, follow nature. The first law of health is *exercise*. Beyond this one must pay attention to diet, baths, bathing, sleep. One must have regular hours, avoid worry, and have plenty of fresh air. All the above points, and many others relating to health culture, exercise, and hygienic living are fully explained in a most interesting booklet, entitled "Health at Home," published by Mr. Thomas Inch, Dept. M.M., 676 & 676A, Fulham Road, Fulham, S.W. Any reader mentioning MODERN MAN will immediately receive a copy and terms of treatment. If but one year be added to one's span of life through Professor Inch's system it must be considered that the trouble asked is a most profitable and desirable investment. Every reader is earnestly recommended to get in touch with Professor Inch at once.

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BOOMS

HOW THEY SPOIL SPORT AND SPORTSMEN.

Some years ago now, but hardly far enough back to be out of the memory of even our youngest readers, a very smart jockey came to England from America and inaugurated a new "seat" that revolutionised the art of riding. In his first season he rode so many winners that he became the most prominent figure in the racing world. Now, he is—according to the latest reports in the newspapers—working as marker in a New York billiard saloon.

He is one of the many victims of the newspaper "boom." From the first moment that he attracted the attention of the powers that be in racing, the newspapers, ever eager for sensation, made him the topic of the day. No wonder the little Yankee's head was turned. He felt he could do nothing wrong. And one day he got into the bad books of the Jockey Club, and was "warned off the turf." Since when the racing world has heard no more of him.

THE VICTIMS.

Another living instance of the great harm done by newspaper "booms" is a foreign wrestler, whose name if we mentioned it would be familiar to all our readers. He won several big contests in England, and so fascinated the British public that they accorded their greatest mark of favour, a pet name. But, here again, the man fell a victim to "booming." He was beaten in a contest in America, but on his return to this country the Press elected to make light of his defeat; and the prominent newspapers, for purposes of

sensation-mongering, formed a Board of Control, or some such committee, to arrange his matches. They arranged one which he funked, and would not undertake. The public saw through their idol after this, so that the "boomsters" wisely dropped him; and now he is touring the Colonies and appearing in exhibition bouts at variety halls.

"Booms" spoil not only sportsmen, but sport as well, in that they often encourage novices—men who would do big things, granted time for training and improvement—to fly too high at the outset of their careers. An instance of this is a brawny North Country boxer, a man of great strength, but whose "science" needed fostering. When a well-known Transatlantic pugilistic was recently making a triumphal procession through our islands a large newspaper combination, which is, perhaps, the greatest offender in the matter of "booming," hailed the raw novice in question as the saviour of English boxing; and "wrote him up" to such an extent that a match was arranged.

A "NEWSPAPER" BOXER.

Of course, he was badly beaten at the outset of the contest.

Just as much harm is done by the other extreme of "booming," the practice of crying down a prominent athlete or player. This is done chiefly in the case of Test matches at cricket. Newspapers are far too fond of criticising the decisions of the Selection Committee and suggesting what men should be left out of the teams chosen by the latter. A man may be the best batsman in the country, and be wisely included by the Committee; but if he happens to have had a run of bad luck, the Press do not hesitate, most unsportingly, to deplore the fact of his playing again. This has the inevitable effect of making him nervous and jeopardising his chance of showing his best form. Cricketing readers will remember a prominent case in point during the last Australian tour.

ANOTHER RESULT.

Turning to the world of pedestrianism, we find instant evidence of the harm done by "booms" in a well-known English long-distance runner, who, only a few years ago, as an amateur, was practically invincible. But as is the case with so many men, his head was turned by the wide publicity given to his exploits, and it is whispered that he accepted payment for running. At any rate, he fell foul of the A.A.A., and has since retired to Canada, where, now and again, he races openly as a professional. But the great world of English sport has practically forgotten him.

S. V. LILLEY.

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[COPY OF A LETTER]

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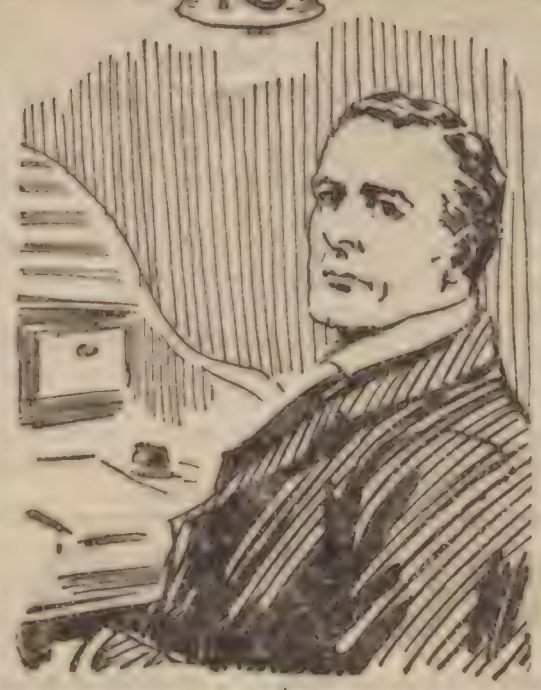
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

THE SLAVEY IN THE OFFICE.



The business man is not addicted given to the quotation of proverbial philosophy, but there are trying times when these dawns upon him with a flash penetrating as lightning, and as exasperating that one cannot make a "silk purse of a sow's ear."

The proverb, like many another, has doubtless sprung from man's inner consciousness of bitter experience of its truth.

There is, in short, no possibility of making the one out of the other.

The occasions on which an employer makes use of this proverb, either as a despairing conclusion or as a compromise with annoying facts, chiefly arise in his dealings with those whom he employs.

It must be confessed that the average business man is, much more often than he does or ought to be, worried by the sow's ears which he has hoped, and expected, and paid for the silk purse.

These sows' ears are indeed a plague in every office.

Among the younger generation of employees the qualities of the thoroughbred—*the* quality that will never let a man give in while life drops; *the* quality that keeps a man from knowing when he is beaten—are too often sadly lacking.

With their careers to make; with possibly no resources; with no special ability and only average qualifications, these youngsters have come with quaint ideas to look for work.

It is never "Will I suit?" Rather is it "Will you, the employer, suit me?"

In short, they are too often on a par with the harmful, necessary domestic slavey who invariably interviews her mistress to see if she and her household are satisfactory.

Moreover, this half-fledged crowd of more or less useful employees, floating with easy spirits from office to office, never setting to work seriously and carving out a place for themselves, are seldom satisfied.

Having secured a post in which one sort of work is expected of them, they proceed to regard their positions as certainties, and to reach out into other directions to make extra money.

The fact that a man is engaged in an office is not infrequently regarded (judging by his conduct) as a life interest in the business.

To treat such men with courteous consideration is a hopeless error on the part of the employer.

No man who hopes to keep, and make useful, one of this band of drifting employees should dream of any but the most rigid discipline and supervision.

The same rules that apply in the case of the domestic servant apply with similar force to the male "slavey" in the office.

There is no middle way. Consideration is taken as a sign of weakness, and slackness is, thereupon, still further increased.

The only remedy is a strict business relation between the employer and this class of employee. Nothing else avails. No slip, however slight, should be passed over.

F. RICHARDS.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

In my thirty years' experience of financial matters in the City I never remember such a continuous fall in all classes of Stocks and Shares as has just taken place.

I am strongly of opinion that the "slump" has been overdone, and those who have got money to invest ought to buy without hesitation.

The greatest fall has taken place in American shares, and has been engineered by the big financial people on the other side, who, no doubt, have been picking up bargains while disseminating all sorts of news likely to frighten the investor and "bull" speculator. Most of such news is highly coloured and greatly exaggerated, and in some cases absolutely untrue. For instance, reports emanating from Chicago a few days ago stated that dry and hot winds had caused heavy damage to the corn crop; thereby causing a "slump" in Rock Islands and other corn-carrying roads.

However, as it is impossible for hot weather to affect the corn to any extent until the end of August—when the "milk" ought to germinate—any one with ordinary intelligence can guess that such statements are only made and published for the purpose of depressing shares so that the wire-pullers can get some cheap stock.

The quarterly report of the Steel Trust is excellent—all things considered—and investors in the Preferred Stock at the present price—about $115—will be able to sell at a very much higher figure when the inevitable "Autumn boom" comes along.

Mexican Railway Stocks have suffered with other markets, but not to the same extent, and I can only repeat my advice both to investor and speculator—to buy.

It is a very difficult matter to get the average investor or speculator to buy when things are flat, they prefer to come in when things are booming; but on this occasion those of my readers who are wise will buy now and not wait for the boom, when prices will be very different.

On the whole the dividends lately announced in Home Railways have been fairly satisfactory, and had it not been for the feeling of uncertainty engendered by the labour position, I think we should have seen better prices in this division.

Should the actual returns over the holiday season come up to expectations, and the friction between the men and the officials be removed, some bargains may be discovered in the Ordinary and Preferred Stocks of the Heavy and Southern lines, as at present prices a great many of the dividend-payers in the Home Railway market yield about 4½ per cent. to the investor.

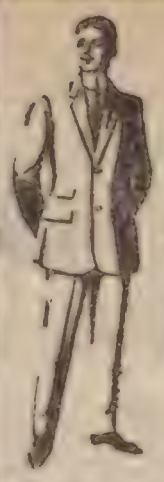
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PAX" (Surbiton).—Am replying to your letter by post.

R. C. D. (Weymouth).—Should advise you to keep clear of this and all similar firms.

M. T. (Barnstaple).—I know nothing about them except that they are only recently established.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.



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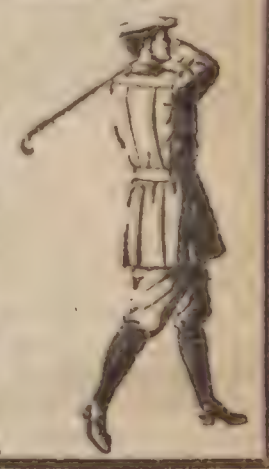

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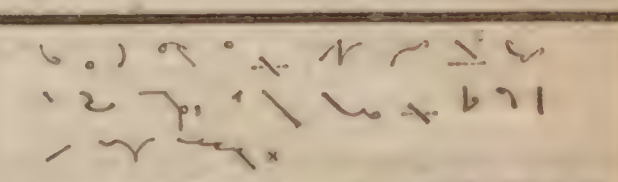

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

W. M. (Liverpool).—The badge has been sent off to your friend. Many thanks to you for introducing him to the League, and shall be glad to welcome any more of your friends or of his.

T. E. T. (Rotherham).—The subject of sprint swimming is dealt with in an article by Mr. Mitchell on our Physical Development page. Glad to hear you have enjoyed the previous hints given in THE MODERN MAN.

H. R. (Potchefstroom).—Thank you for your letter. We like to hear how much Colonial readers appreciate the paper. We are always delighted to have letters of this kind.

E. K. (Birmingham). — Sorry you have seen so few badges in Birmingham. The list of League members will be published shortly. Have sent on the second badge.

C. B. (Cork).—Many thanks for your congratulations. We are sending you the drawing you ask for, and are glad you liked the article. Happy to welcome you as a member of the League. You may be a good sportsman, although your interest is passive rather than active.

G. R. G. (Rawal Pindi, India).—Your name has been duly enrolled as a League member and your badge dispatched. It gives us great pleasure to hear of the efforts you are making on behalf of the paper in India. Shall be glad to see you when you come to England. You will be able to get into touch with League members when the full list is published.

A. R. (Tottenham).—You will see more of Kernahan, and an announcement will be made in the paper about the Selby stories being published in book form. Pleased to welcome you as a League member.

C. A. T. (Pretoria)—Many thanks for your photograph. We are always pleased to add photographs of readers to our collection. We have many League members in South Africa.

P. MORGAN MITCHELL, "Glenmore," Bemerton, Salisbury, wants to meet a pal keen on sport of every description. He is eighteen years of age and would like to get to know someone near that age, preferably someone who is going in for the Civil Service. He is a League member.

J. G. G. (Tain, N.B.).—There are bleaches, but Should not advise their use unless you consult a good face specialist. We are shortly publishing some toilet articles which may be helpful to you.

L. G. (Windsor).—See your doctor. If your skin is in bad condition you are probably run down a little.

O. D. KAY, 10, Alexandra Road, Leyton, N.E., is an all-round sportsman in thought, although opportunity has not come in his way for indulgence in much sport of any kind. He wants a chum about his own age (23) who is a kindred spirit, and with whom he might go through all preliminaries of sport.

W. H. H. (Bootle). — Long walks, a sprint before breakfast, toast instead of bread, no butter, and a glass of hot water sipped with your meals. This treatment ought easily to relieve you of five pounds weight or more in the five weeks.

J. CORNISH (Marine Cottage, Ilfracombe) has lost the address of the Johannesburg reader with whom he has been corresponding, and would be glad to hear from him.

C. R. (Liverpool).—(1.) Malt extract will do better than oil. Salad or olive oil or any good oil will meet the case. (2.) There are plenty of skin foods advertised.

J. F. FEARNSIDES, 6, Compton Road, Handsworth, will be glad to give information to any reader in the Birmingham district who thinks of joining the Legion of Scouts. The corps is to be recommended to all who for one reason or another are unable to join the Territorials.

J. F. A. S. (Buenos Aires).—Thanks for letter. Glad to know the paper is on the railway bookstalls in Buenos Aires. We wish we had forty days to spare in which to accept your kind invitation.

J. N. (Ballyclare).—The simplest form of egg-paste is made of bread-crumb soaked in the yolk of an egg and kneaded into a paste. Sometimes the bait is mixed with water and sometimes it is baked, but in the latter case it is difficult to make satisfactorily. See articles on fishing in recent numbers.

G. O. H. (Endcliffe).—Many thanks. We have communicated with our publishing department. Glad to hear you think we are improving.

F. B. (Hinckley).—Heartiest congratulations to self and wife, and many thanks for your kind invitation.

L. S. (Worthing).—The address of the National Association of Grocers' Assistants is 89, Farringdon Street, E.C. Do not know the other address you require.

A. C. (Ashton-on-Mersey), **J. McG.** (Portobello), **A. A. M.** (Southfields), **W. L.** (Langside), **Mrs. M.** (St. Helens), **A. S. P.** (Blackley), **E. L. B.** (York).—Many thanks.

ON THE COURSE.

It is a strange fact that whereas many a clever punter may drop a lot of money at racing when he bets "at home," still, if he goes down to the course, he will have a run of luck, or at any rate his losses will be less appreciable. But there is an excellent reason for this.

On the course, the "head" can form a fairly close idea of what is "meant" by the simple method of watching the boards or slates. If he sees a horse quoted at first a long price, say, 10 to 1, and finish at "threes" or "twos," he knows that the bookies have reason to be afraid of it. Or even though another horse may be a favourite, he has his "little bit" on the former. And when the winning number is up he often has cause to chuckle over his astuteness.

ARE YOU TOO THIN?

I increased my weight by over 28lbs., and from a scraggy, undeveloped youth emerged into robust, muscular, broad-shouldered manhood.

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EVERYONE must admit that the doctor who has cured himself of his particular malady must be a better "guide, philosopher, and friend" to his fellow-sufferers than he of mere theories.

Now I actually have transformed myself from a lean, cadaverous, emaciated being into a well-proportioned, normal man, enjoying the best of health and brimful of life's best joys.

Like all unduly thin people, I was hyper-sensitive about my personal appearance.

Tutors plainly told me that my physical shortcomings would materially prevent me making a success as a doctor.

The thought then suggested itself to me that there must be some thousands of other men and women suffering as I, and whilst continuing my studies as a medical student I determined to specialise in the physiology of digestion, with special reference to assimilation and nutrition, so that I might learn the secret of "putting on flesh." After many years of study and experiment I discovered a safe, speedy, scientific, and simple method of producing healthy, muscular tissue and plumpness.

I tried it perseveringly on myself, and I stand to-day a living witness of the fact that the lean, cadaverous, and emaciated may easily be transformed by a simple and safe treatment into plump, robust, and happy beings.

A NERVE-INVIGORATING PROCESS.

The REAL CAUSE of all undue leanness in people is mal-assimilation and mal-nutrition, the result of LACK OF NERVE-FORCE. Emaciation and attenuation are not questions either of appetite or digestion, but LACK OF NERVE-FORCE.

In my new book, entitled "Emaciation—Cause and Treatment," I have fully described and explained this.

THE MAN who is too thin is invariably of an anxious, neurasthenic type, incapable of carrying out the duties of life with vigour and courage.

THE WOMAN who is too thin is anæmic, nervous, worrying, wanting in self-confidence, and is handicapped alongside her plump, self-confident rival, who is bubbling over with joyous vitality.

MY TREATMENT is essentially a NERVE-RESTORING, NERVE-BUILDING, and NERVE-NOURISHING process.

All THIN People can Put on FLESH.

Under my Treatment ALL, whether their scragginess be due to overwork, worry, social exactions, immoderate or careless living, neurasthenic depression, or any other exhausting cause, can increase weight. As their nerves are nourished they gain in health, strength, and vitality. Even those who are still losing flesh are enabled not only to retard the WASTING and WEAKENING process of emaciation, but to quickly regain condition and weight.

Confident of the truth of these statements, I make the following offer:

No. 1. I will send you a course of treatment, consisting of my NERVE FOOD, sufficient for FOURTEEN DAYS, together with my book, entitled

No. 2. "EMACIATION: CAUSE AND TREATMENT."

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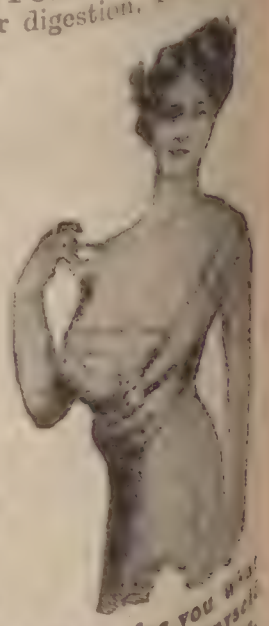

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All I ask on your part is to enclose P.O. for sixpence with your application, to cover cost of postage, &c. My book explains my theory of scientific flesh-building and nerve-feeding fully. It contains 96 pages described in detail here, but the following are a few of the contents:

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S SECRET

By ADAM STERN.

Richard Selby looked up from his work at the forge to see a young man in clerical garb standing by him. He had evidently entered through the open gateway of the works, unannounced.

"Mr. Selby, I believe?" he said.

"Yes; but I don't know you," Richard answered curtly.

"My name is Ellis—John Ellis. I'm the new curate at St. John's."

"Yes," said Richard, without interest.

"I'm surprised you haven't seen me about; I've been here over a month. You are familiar enough to me by sight."

"I may have seen you," said Richard.

It was obvious that he was waiting for the other to state his business.

"I haven't called for a subscription or anything of that sort," stated the curate, with a slightly nervous laugh. "Nor is my visit exactly—er—clerical."

He was a tallish man, of narrow build, with a thin face, high cheekbones, and deep-set, piercing eyes—the eyes of a visionary.

Richard gazed at him with some puzzlement, uncertain whether he liked him or not. He noticed that the man's lips were peculiarly mobile, twitching continually at the corners, as though caused by an inner uncontrollable energy. It was also at all the wide, benignant mouth of the typical enthusiastic.

Richard filled the pause with a faintly inquiring "No?"

"The fact is, I—I—— But first, how are you, how d'you do?"

And abruptly, with almost comical unexpectedness, John Ellis shot out a lean brown hand and gave Richard's dirty one, which was somewhat unwillingly surrendered, an awkward, though powerful, shake.

"How d'you do?" he said again. "Pleased, very pleased, to know you."

"Same here," said Richard, unconsciously.

The incident, trivial as it was, removed to a great extent their introductory embarrassment.

"I want a chat with you, Mr. Selby. Can you spare the time?"

"Certainly," said Richard. "Come into the house."

He led the way, a collarless, coatless figure, unlike John Ellis's own, but strikingly more muscular and athletic, and the curate's lips twitched as he followed, with his eyes fixed on the muscles in Richard's neck.

"I have a friend of mine—Graill. Graill, the Reverend Graill, of St. John's."

Graill's voice was perfectly casual as he presented them, though there was a hint of humour in his expression. It was not often that he had a chance of this description.

"I was just going out," said Graill, tactfully perceiving that his presence was not desired. "Don't let me keep you long away."

"That man was afraid I should want to convert me," said the curate after Graill had gone. "Did you mark his hurried exit?"

"How do you know he isn't converted?" asked Richard with amusement.

"He would be the first I have met in Moulden if he were. You are a sin-benighted lot. That is why I have come to you, Mr. Selby. But don't misunderstand me; I have come for advice."

Richard nodded and dragged forward a stool.

"No; I won't sit down, thanks. I'm such a confirmed beggar. I like to walk about while I'm talking."

He suited the action to the word; and Richard, who had the knack of adapting himself to everybody as well as the golden gift of silence, sat on the stool himself and leisurely filled his pipe as the other paced to and fro.

For a space neither spoke.

Then John Ellis faced Richard, his head thrust slightly forward a little, and began to explain his errand.

His voice was arresting, low and restrained, with a vibrating undercurrent of earnestness not untouched with misery.

"Mr. Selby, I am a young man—not much older than you, I imagine—thirty-two to be exact; and I want you to remember that, if you will, while I am speaking. It is a pity, but it seems necessary in these days to inform people that flesh and blood may exist beneath the 'cloth.'"

Richard nodded again.

"My last curacy was at ——, an obscure country place in Hampshire; then I was transferred here. I need hardly say the contrast in the class of people is as wide as could be found."

"The Black Countryman is in a class by himself," commented Richard.

"I agree. And it is the men I am particularly concerned with. Women are inherently religious. They are devotional by instinct, the country over, the world over."

Richard nodded.

"I am glad, of course. I intend not a shadow of disparagement. But it only shows that to awaken religious activity in men requires a stronger, a sterner effort than is required for women. You follow me?"

"Perfectly," said Richard.

"Mr. Selby," continued John Ellis, "in sporting phraseology, I am out for the men. It is not my purpose to inflict upon you—or them—theological argument, or to attempt emotional persuasion. I may be wrong, but I have no confidence in either method. I believe in a simple, sane, wholesome faith; a courageous standpoint, from which a man may view his life without terror for the future or vain regrets for the mistakes of his past. I believe in a robust freedom of thought, broad toleration of all shades of opinion, a strong gentleness, and, above all, in the universal brotherhood of men."

"The Parliament of man, the Federation of the world," quoted Richard, "applied to religion."

"Embracing religion. In fact, that *is* religion. But I must not be betrayed into discussion; my motive is intensely more personal at the present time. Mr. Selby, I find here, in this Black Country district, the finest of human material for improvement—mankind in the rough, primitive, untutored, almost savage in its undevelopment."

"Forgive me," he laughed, "for using high-falutin' terms. I'm an enthusiastic beggar!"

Richard laughed, too.

"Go on, I like it," he said.

The curate's face reminded him of a lamp, now flashing, now extinguished. Only the eyes burned with a steady fire.

"But they have only half of man's magnificence. They are strong without gentleness; they live, but they appear not to think. Their intellgence is dormant; they lack individuality. Am I right?"

"On the whole, not far wrong. But there is another side of them."

"I know it. There is all of the other half of them, crushed, repressed; but it is there. It is always there; it is in all men. But with these"—he drew down his brows, searching for the right words—"they are encased in iron. That is exactly how they strike me—as though the iron which they are accustomed to handle had set a shield before their hearts, had encased their personality, had entered into their soul."

Richard slowly shook his head.

"No," he said, decisively.

"Not so bad as that?"

"No."

The curate's sudden illumining smile came again.

"Thanks," he said. "Actually I am in agreement with you, but my words run away with me. . . . But my real trouble is that I can make no impression on them. They are adamant——"

"You have been here a month," Richard reminded him.

"Long enough to feel it will never be different."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry. You've learnt a wonderful lot in the time."

The curate made a gesture of dissent and resumed his pacing up and down.

"They are like you were when I came in—only worse. Not resentful, not unfriendly or suspicious, but with a sort of dark silence, something like blindness, rather terrible to me, and, yes—you will have guessed it—bitterly humiliating."

"No need to take it like that," observed Richard, matter-of-factly.

"Mr. Selby"—the curate turned round on him quickly—"what is your secret?"

"My secret?"

"Yes; it is that I have come for. More than a dozen people have said to me, 'Go to Richard Selby; he'll help you; they take notice of him.' Well, why do they? What's the secret? Tell me the short cut to the understanding of them, and I'll never forget it—or your kindness."

"Good Lord, I don't know," answered Richard irreverently. "I suppose I understand 'em in a way; but one doesn't question these things, they come natural."

"Can it be put into words?"

"I don't believe much in words," returned Richard.

John Ellis winced.

"Acts?" he queried. And all at once it occurred to him that here was the escape from his quandary.

"Acts," said Richard, with a level, estimating stare.

Involuntarily John Ellis jerked up his head.

"Only tell me how," he said.

Richard regarded him in silence, his gaze becoming abstracted as his lightning-like brain conceived a scheme.

"Can you fight?" he asked unconcernedly.

"I can box."

"Can you *fight*?"

"All my life's a fight. If you mean with fists, I should welcome the change."

"There's a man in this town," said Richard, "who can fight like a devil, though he has the heart of a child. His name's Mike Haggarty. He's an Irishman, but there isn't a quarrelsome Black Countryman round here he hasn't trounced. The natives would be greatly pleased to see his number taken down; and if you want a short cut to popularity, and with it respect, have a slap at him. He will give you a gruelling unless you're extra good; but make a good show, and the desired result will be the same. What say?"

"A bargain," agreed John Ellis, cheerfully.

"You don't even ask for particulars?"

"I gather you will arrange it; I leave it to you."

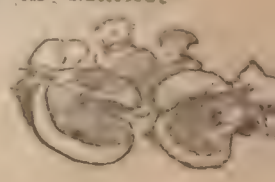
"You may get locked up."

"You will be sensible enough to give me a just excuse for combat."

"I will. You've caught the spirit of the idea right off. Now, are you free to-night, say, at seven o'clock?"

"Let me see, yes; there is no evening service."

"You know the swimming-baths in Market-street?"



"Yes. Was not that building presented by you to the town time back?"

"I had a hand in it," said Richard; "but there were others. Ever been inside?"

"No."

"You should. I'll take you over, the first opportunity. They have a fine gym. . . . . But to continue. At seven to-night make it your business to walk down Market-street. Outside the baths you will see a big sandy-haired hulk of a man, roughly dressed, setting about another man half his size. They will both be doing it to please me, but nobody else will know that. Well, interfere! Sail in quietly—quietly, mind you; just get a hold of the Irishman's ear, twist his head round, and smack his face. Use words appropriate, then look out for a busy few minutes."

"Right," said John Ellis. "I fully grasp your plan."

Unobtrusively Richard had been closely watching him for the least sign of apprehension. There was none.

"That is only the beginning of the plan," he said. "But the rest I'll see to."

"Thank you, Mr. Selby. Afterwards, in your opinion, I shall be on a better footing with your townsmen?"

"You will have made a start," said Richard.

"A start," said John Ellis, simply, "is all I ant."

"Spoken like a man," thought Richard, but he did not say so.

"All settled, then," he observed briskly. "Good-bye for the present—and good luck."

He stood for a moment in thought after the curate had departed.

"I must get Mike to let him off light," he mused. "He doesn't look as though he could stand a battering-ram for long, and he's too good a sort to get hurt."

* * * * * * *

On the steps of the swimming-baths Richard stood chatting to an acquaintance, his eye observing everybody who passed down the street. Across the street in an alley were Mike Haggarty and a smaller man leaning against the wall, their hands in their pockets.

A few minutes went by, then Richard casually drew his handkerchief from his sleeve, and shook it before using it. The next moment there was an oath, a scuffle, and two men were fighting furiously on the opposite pavement.

"Hello!" said Richard, "Mike again!"

He crossed the street in leisurely fashion, followed by the acquaintance.

Before they reached the contestants, a slim, tall clerical figure had paused in his walk and obeyed instructions to the letter.

"Excuse me, my friend," he said very distinctly; "a fairer adversary, if you please."

And he brought his open hand on to Mike's unshaven face with vigour.

Mike, much surprised, thrust out a great arm and sent him staggering back to take a look at him.

"By the powers," he said, "a parson! Ho, ho! man, is it a spanking ye want, or what?"

John Ellis did not wait for an answer, but leaped in and landed a lightning right and left on the florid face of the Irishman.

"Over-anxious," murmured Richard; "but he'll do."

Mike swept his arm out again, and an ugly gleam shot into his little blue eyes.

A crowd had already collected, and comment on the incongruity of the assailants was boisterous and amused. A hoarse laugh sounded here and there.

"Goo it, parson! Let 'im 'ave it! Don't mind 'is size, he's as slow as a funeral!"

The curate was at any rate quicker, and he needed no encouragement. Before Mike could guard, he had scored another couple of stinging blows and evaded a counter neatly.

Richard admired his style. He was well forward on his toes, nicely balanced, his fists not doubled, but with fingers extended, gently waving. Dangerous as a boxer, but when it came to fighting. . . .

"Now, if only the 'copper' will delay for a minute or two," he thought.

"Stand back; give 'em room," he called crisply, as with a mutual rush they locked and swayed round, the curate dealing out body digs with surprising rapidity.

He swung several men out of the way, and took charge of the ring.

"A fool to get to close quarters," he muttered, as breaking clear with difficulty the curate danced back, his mouth, usually so mobile, now pressed into a straight line, his nostrils dilated and face grey-white with excitement.

"Goo it! Goo on, Mike! Bash a'ole in 'im! . . . Steady, parson; keep yer 'ead. Yo'm cleverest. . . ."

They were at it again. Mike's swinging right, hard as a mallet, caught the other's stomach, doubling him up. Had he been skilful, a left upper-cut would have ended the business, but he over-balanced with the effort and followed his man clumsily round the ring.

With a swift side-step John Ellis evaded him, and—crack! Mike put his hand momentarily to his ear. Cursing in a fluent undertone, he shut his eyes and rushed.

"My lord," thought Richard, "he's *fighting*."

It was true. Mike had forgotten his promise to take as much punishment as he gave. His only desire now was to exterminate his opponent.

And nothing could withstand that smashing onslaught. The curate, keeping his head and always presenting a bold front, made as much use of the ring as he could, but Mike Haggarty bore him down, mowed him down.

The curate fell on his knees.

"Mike!" cried Richard, warningly.

"Mike!" he shouted, and with sudden savagery he sprang forward and charged the Irishman into the ring of encircling men. Mike, with berserk blindness of rage, had been fighting his man when down.

The curate struggled to his feet.

"Enough!" said Richard, sternly.

"No," panted the curate, through pallid lips, and he pushed Richard aside.

"My gad, 'e's game! Look at that! Who'd 'a' thought it of a parson!"

Mike heaved with his shoulder fiercely and flung his opponent from him. The curate stood swaying, beaten in body with the exertion of his last effort, but refusing to admit the inevitable.

"Let 'em finish it," said Richard, grimly. He knew that John Ellis was creating for himself an imperishable reputation.

And Mike finished it. He blundered forward and struck twice. The first blow was feebly defended, the next caught the chin, and a brave man in clerical uniform lay senseless on the ground.

"Here, Mike!" said Richard curtly. "Take his heels. We'll carry him across to the gym. . . . Look out, you chaps!"

Wiping the sweat from his forehead, Mike obeyed. He shot a shamefaced glance at Richard.

"You merciless devil," said Richard.

* * * * * * *

"Now, how d'you feel?"

"All right. Bit dazed." John Ellis sat up on the mat and looked about. The next moment he insisted on standing erect. A goodly portion of the former audience were round him, watching with appreciative eyes.

"Ah!" he said, with a smile, and he offered his hand to Mike. "Fairly and squarely walloped; but no animus, I hope."

"Ye're a man," said Mike. "It was never me intention to put ye to sleep, but——"

Richard silenced his threatened confession with an unceremonious jab in the ribs.

"I was going to suggest," he said to John Ellis, "that you take on the presidency of this club. You're just the man we want. You can put the gloves on with the boys now and then, and generally wake things up. They'd feel honoured if you would, and so should I."

"Gladly," said John Ellis.

"Preach to 'em," said Richard, heartily, "religion of the big fist; they understand that."

"The Lord on the side of the heavy battalions. . . . And you're with us, boys, ain't that right?"

Acquiescence in unison.

"You've got Moulden," said Richard.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

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WATER DANGERS.

In the country it is never advisable to ask anywhere for a cup of [illegible]. Though water companies are gradually extending their benefits into even remote villages, many country places still depend on wells and springs, which are often dangerous, for their water supply.

It is the custom with many cottagers to draw a couple of pails of water early in the morning and to keep them in the house all day, dipping into them for all that is needed.

The water gets stale and [illegible] even if it were fresh when drawn, which is not always the case. The water from shallow wells is often polluted, and though the natives seem to thrive on it the stranger who drinks "company's water" is often laid by the heels with sickness after a draught.

Try and drink tea, which must be made with boiling water. The clearest spring may be polluted, and the deepest well may receive the drainings from farmyards and other uncleanly places.

Mineral waters which are obtainable at wayside cottages are safer and in the end less expensive.

EATING THE LEEK.

The man who has the privilege of dining for the first time with that most hospitable of regiments, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers (formerly the 23rd Foot) has to undergo something of an ordeal—that is, unless he has eaten a leek before. This, provided he is dining with the regiment on St. David's Night.

Royal Welsh Fusilier custom ordains that on St. David's Night, which falls on March 1, every officer and guest present at mess who has never eaten a leek before shall now do so.

The ceremony is accomplished with [illegible]. The novice has to stand on his chair, with one foot on the table, and he cuts the leek while the drummer beats a roll behind him, and the memory of Toby Purcell, a famous major of the regiment when it was first raised, and who was killed at the Battle of the Boyne, is drunk with [illegible] honours.

I do not know of any other regiment with a like custom, but dining with a Highland regiment is again something of an ordeal—at least for the Sassenach.

With the dessert on a big guest-night in come the pipers and march round the table [illegible] swaggering for all they are worth. In a small room the din is simply awful, and the Southerner finds relief for tortured nerves in a "wee drappie," which Highland regiments usually interpret [illegible] meaning a large tumblerful of whisky neat.

I do not know whether the custom is [illegible] throughout the Royal Artillery, but one [illegible] know used on guest-nights to fire a [illegible] cannon placed on the table as a signal for permission to smoke.

Dining with them for the first time, and [illegible] with my neighbour, I did not notice when the cannon was placed on the table, and when it went off I nearly went off too—through the roof.

TRICK SHOOTING EXPOSED.

SOME DEVICES BY WHICH "MARVELLOUS FEATS" ARE PERFORMED.

The music-hall orchestra plays a lively air; but the audience is unusually quiet. They are waiting to see the one great item on the evening's bill—Hiram P. Dedshott, the quick-firing champion of the world; and lo! he is the next turn.

A blare from the orchestra. The curtain rises; and Hiram, a remarkable figure in conventional cowboy costume, strides down to the footlights.

Speaking with a strong Transatlantic accent, he explains that his first feat will be to shoot off the ash of a cigar smoked by his assistant.

So he stands right down on the footlights on the extreme prompt side, and the assistant takes up his position as far as possible up-stage on the other. The world-renowned shot takes careful aim, and, crack! the ash duly falls to be scattered on the ground. The audience applaud enthusiastically. Wonderful!

But if they knew that it was a trick, that the cartridge used was only blank, their reception of the "feat" would not be so cordial. A hat-pin is inserted in the cigar, so that the point just reaches the burning portion; and when the shot is fired, a touch with the assistant's tongue on the pin easily dislodges the ash.

But most of the different trick-shots are performed by means of what is known as the lever apparatus. This is about twelve inches long, and worked on a pivot at the centre. The top of it has a steel disc, about a foot in diameter, affixed; and at the other end is a sharp steel point protruding at right angles. The machine is concealed behind the back-cloth of the scenery at such a height that the steel pin is just an inch or so above the assistant's head, as he stands right against the cloth and with his back to it.

Say, for instance, that the performer is going to do the "William Tell act"—*i.e.*, to shoot an apple, or, as is generally the custom nowadays, a glass ball off his assistant's head.

What he actually does is to fire at the large steel disc already mentioned, with the result that the steel point is jerked violently forward through the back-cloth, strikes the ball, and then disappears again. The exact position of the disc is made clear to the shooter by means of some design on the cloth, a painted Japanese lantern, an artistic arrangement of flags, or something of the sort.

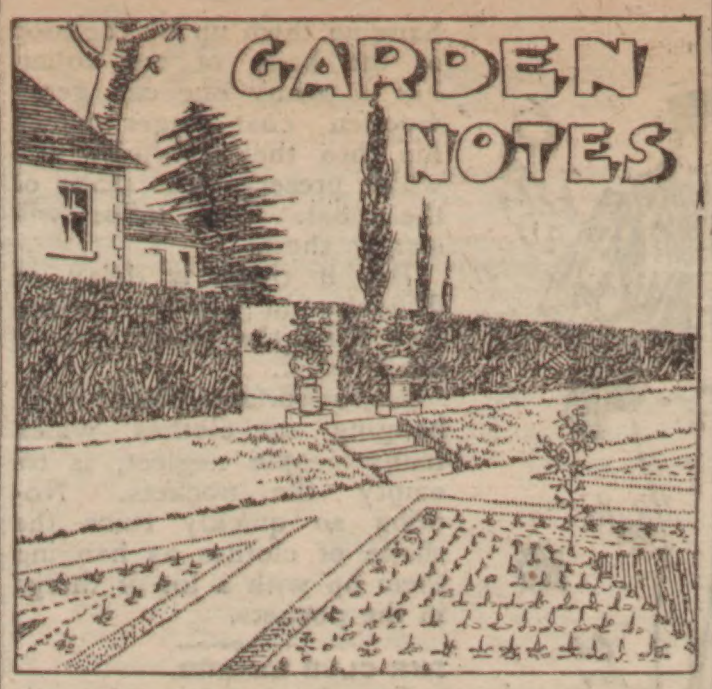
"Shooting out the candle" is another trick shot. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the wick is not actually hit by the bullet. The candle is placed inside a concave reflector, and the "splash" of the bullet from this is sufficiently powerful to put out the candle.

Most stage-shots make a lot of capital out of shooting—in every case with complete success—at moving objects, such as swinging balls, or glass balls kept up in the air on miniature fountains. But it must not be supposed that they do this with a bullet as they profess to do.

It is done with shot, which scatters, and thus renders delightfully easy what would otherwise have been a difficult, nay almost impossible, feat. But in this case a backcloth is always used to cover the steel plate, for if the latter were used by itself, the splashes on it would clearly demonstrate the use of the shot.

Sometimes you will see a performer shoot at objects held in the fingers of his assistant. This is done with cork bullets, and the assistant wears steel finger-stalls, covered with a flesh-coloured glove.

A. E. FOOTE.



In most gardens it will still be possible to find plants that require staking and tying up to prevent them from being snapped by the wind, and to preserve the orderliness of the garden.

There are one or two points which must be kept in mind in performing this apparently simple operation. One is that the artificial support should be out of sight as much as possible.

The height of the stake must allow for the growth of the plant, but it should not be taller than the plant itself when the latter is full grown.

For tall, heavy flowers—dahlias, sunflowers, hollyhocks, delphiniums, and so on—the stake should be driven a foot or eighteen inches into the ground and the soil pressed down round it so as to make it firm.

When tying up the stem, be careful to leave it free room for development, and do not check the flow of sap by tying it up too tight.

This is best avoided by crossing the string once or twice between the stem and the stake, leaving merely a loop round the plant.

The plant must be allowed to grow freely and naturally, and therefore in many cases it must be tied to more than one stick, a length of bass being passed lightly round the whole.

* * *

A perennial, that is to be highly recommended to the man who aims at a good show of colour in his garden, is the tree lupin.

It is a shrubby plant, which is easy to grow, and can be raised from seed.

It is at its best in the third year after sowing, and its life can be considerably prolonged by judicious pruning as soon as the seed pods begin to form. If each branch is cut back to about two-thirds of its length the plant will take on a new lease of life.

The commonest colours are white and a very pale yellow, but blue and light purple are also found.

The habit of the plant is quite different from that of the ordinary lupin, which is not to be compared with it for showiness.

* * *

Auriculas and polyanthi should be divided now, if thish as not already been done, before being planted in their flowering quarters. The former will require very careful handling, the offshoots being removed from the main stem.

Polyanthi of two or three years' growth may be divided into four with a knife.

* * *

Now is the time to cut your hedges and box borders, and when doing this, err on the side of doing too little rather than too much.

If your hedge has not reached the height you desire, trim it well at the sides and only do a very little at the top. At the same time don't forget to clear the bottoms of your hedges and see that no brambles are starting up.

C. B. STAINER.

TENNIS UMPIRING DUTIES.

The lawn tennis umpire has a good many duties to attend to. Among others he has to see that the net is properly fixed and is at the right height before the commencement of a game, and to adjust it during a game should he consider it necessary to do so; to call the faults (except where there is also a line umpire); to call the strokes when won and to record them on his scoring sheet; to call the games and the sets at the end of each and record them on his scoring sheet.

At the end of a game the score should be called with the name of the player who is in advance—*e.g.*, "2 games to 1, A wins, or A leads."

Then he has to decide all doubtful or disputed strokes, except when the line umpire gives a decision, and all points of law.

In handicap matches he has to call the odds at the commencement of each game.

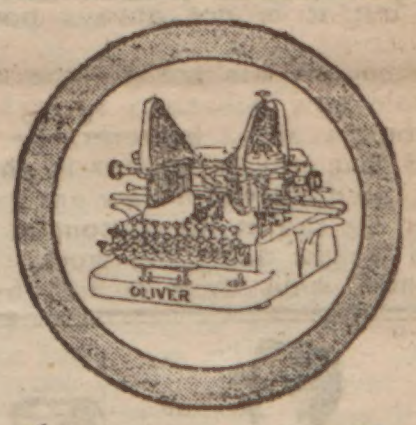
Finally he has to sign the scoring sheets and deliver them to the proper authority.

The umpire's decision is final on all questions of fact, such as a ball being in or out, and a competitor cannot appeal against it. But on points of law the umpire if in doubt may refer the matter to the referee, whose decision shall be final, or a competitor may appeal to the referee against the umpire's ruling on a point of law.

Whatever else an umpire fails in he should never lack authority or allow the players to argue with him.

One of the most difficult points the lawn tennis umpire has to decide is that of a doubtful "let." The ball touches the top of the net so lightly that the net does not move, while there is no visible alteration in the ball's course.

Assuming there is a proper umpire's seat for you, a good plan is to keep one foot on the net post beneath you. The slightest touch on the net will then be "telegraphed" to the nerves of the foot, even through a stout boot.



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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

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A LOUNGE SUIT TIP.

When buying a lounge suit always be careful to have it made very roomy about the chest. Most tailors make the jacket so that it shapes to the chest. This may look very nice when the suit is tried on, but it is usual to carry something in the breast pockets, and the result is ugly bulging on either side. Still, even if the coat is made loosely, it is not advisable to cram the breast pockets with letters, as most men do. In fact, a man should aim at carrying as little as possible in all his coat pockets, and, as a result, his suits will last twice as long as well as looking much nicer.

Carry the pipe and pouch in the trouser pockets, if possible, or—I believe I have mentioned it before—have a loose pocket made in the waistcoat in which to carry the pipe.

Another coat tip is to have a large pocket made inside the skirt for newspapers and so on.

HANGING CLOTHES UP.

I suppose there are few of my readers who do not know the tip of folding trousers up carefully and putting them underneath the mattress, but it is not always possible to do this.

Very often one has not got the time, and most people now possess a spring mattress.

The trousers may, however, be kept in shape and that crease, so dear to the masculine heart, be preserved if they are folded and hung over the rail at the bottom of the bed, their own weight doing the work.

Many men spoil their jackets by simply hanging them up by the loop at the back of the collar. For a penny one can get a wooden coat-hanger which fits into the arm-holes and which preserves the shape of the coat. Any tailor will supply these.

But if there is delay or difficulty in getting them, then hang the jacket over a chair back.

An important point when hanging up clothes which many people neglect, is to empty the pockets. Nothing so quickly ruins the shape of clothes as hanging them up with a lot of things in the pockets.

THE CLUB BLAZER.

For the holidays there is no better costume than flannels and a club blazer, but let it be flannels. Don't go about in knickerbockers and a blazer.

If you are wearing a straw hat, it is advisable not to have your club colours on your hat in addition to the blazer.

Many men greatly overdo the club colour idea—wearing club ties, club hat-bands, club scarves, and I know a man who even got a pair of socks bearing his club colours.

If you are buying a blazer irrespective of colours, don't get one that is only suitable for a Margate nigger. Navy-blue is the best colour to get, and, with plain brass buttons and no braiding, this makes a nice coat.

Of course, it is always permissible to wear a blazer—club or otherwise—as a smoking-coat when in one's own rooms.

By the way, if you carefully look at the sketch at the head of this page you may get a valuable hint as to the best way of tying your wrapper.

With one end folded over, no part of the neck is exposed, and when the coat is buttoned over it, it does not look untidy.

GUM BOOTS.

For pottering round a farm, or for camping, the "gum boot" forms an ideal footgear. This boot is all rubber and comes to just below the knee. Though shaped slightly to the calf they are yet very slack and there is more than sufficient room left for the trousers.

Most gum boots have quite a shapeless foot, and, if you buy this sort, it is as well to put a sock, or even two, into the foot.

But the variety known as "squadron" boots are much more presentable. They have a decently-shaped foot and are more like jack boots. The surface also has a polish that the ordinary variety lacks.

These boots can be obtained for from 18s. 6d. upwards.

Some men throw away their gum boots when they have once worn out the soles, but you should never do this. Any rubber dealer will re-sole a gum boot for you at little more expense than the re-soling of an ordinary boot.

Don't make the mistake some men make of starting off on a long walk in gum boots. It will spoil your walk, spoil your boots, and spoil your temper.

THE AUTUMN SALES.

The man who has an eye to economy with regard to his clothing expenditure will be looking out now for the autumn sales.

His idea will be not to get his winter clothing, but to buy a stock of things for next spring and summer (if there is one).

Of course, one must exercise discretion in this. For instance, it would be absurd to buy a straw hat so far ahead, as it is not possible for one to say what shapes will be worn then.

But such articles as fancy waistcoats and all kinds of summer underclothing are to be picked up very cheaply at these sales.

Then, again, your flannels, both white and grey, your cycling suit, and indeed any sporting garment may be bought at this time of the year.

You will want cricket or tennis shoes next year. Get them now.

And while I am talking of economy, where clothes are concerned, let me say that the wise man will always buy in quantity. Most men will get a dozen collars at a time, but would never dream of buying a dozen pairs of socks.

Now, it is much more important that socks should be bought in quantity than collars. Four pairs of socks worn alternately will last far longer than the same number would if used in two pairs.

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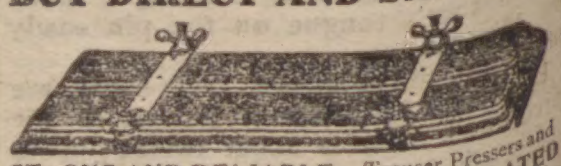

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The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

First P.O. for 15s. secures gent's suit, not worn, 36 breast, 30 leg, dark grey; no approval, given away. Write at once. Exceptional offer.—Box 3285, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Frock-coat for man 5ft. 10in., worn twice; cost 50s. What cash offers?—Box 3286, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Blue suit, worn once; back 14in., chest 37in., leg 33½in.; smart cut for erect figure; cost 63s., accept 30s.—Box 3282, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's suit, brown, latest style and cut, 38 breast, 31 leg, worn once, too small for owner, sacrifice for 21s.; too cheap for approval.—Box 3285, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Silk hat, in perfect condition, hardly used, 6 7-8 bargain; 5s. 6d.—Box 3226, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Always Well-dressed on 1s. a Year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Two gent.'s shirts, stiff fronts and cuffs; brand new, never been used; what offers or exchange?—Box 3290, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3195, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Modern anglers say they get absolute value for money by purchasing direct from the makers, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs. Catalogues free, containing everything for fly, sea, bottom, spinning, and casting. Made by expert British labour. Quality guaranteed. Packing and delivery free.

ST. LEGER SURPRISE. A horse that has lately "trained on" *marvellously* will be backed by the cleverest division racing to beat present moderate-class favourites.—Post shilling and stamped addressed envelope to Sadler, Joy Lane, Whitstable.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3194, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A change of friends often means a change of luck. Try Gilbert Gunn, Scotch Turf Accountant, 13, Breadalbane Street, Glasgow.

Racing Information. Gentleman in receipt of exclusive and reliable information would like to hear from few others willing to share cost.—A. Barker, Hamstead Villa, Stamford Road, Handsworth, Staffs.

Pair Sandow's grip dumb-bells, nearly new; cost 12s. 6d.; exchange for reasonable offer.—R. Worley, Home, Appledore, Kent.

Indian magic fish lure. Fish bite like hungry wolves if you use Indian magic fish lure. Catch them in hundreds. 1s. 1d., post-paid.—F. C. Longford, 29, Bridge Road, Stratford, E.

Clease Extensor Course of Physical Culture." Cost 3 guineas. What offers?—Box 3284, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle board, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 3257, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

No. 3 folding Kodak, with Bausch and Lomb lens and unicum shutter; also Kodak film-developing tank, leather case for camera; the lot £5; original cost over £10.—Box 3286, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

Motor-cycle, 3¼-h.p., £16; handsome machine, in perfect condition; trial allowed.—Nixon, Sherwin Street, Crewe.

MUSIC.

Concertina, Lachenal, London, 50 keys, steel reeds, new, in mahogany case, with tutor, 45s.—Box 3291, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

5-string nickel rim banjo, 20 brackets, Douglas and Co.; 10s. 6d.—Box 3292, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cornet, B flat, good condition, will sell cheap.—Box 3293, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DIGS.

A unique, interesting, and inexpensive holiday in Scotland, Lake District, Scarborough, Llandudno, Ramsey, Clevedon. Send stamp for illustrated book to British Holiday Association, Grange-over-Sands.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted, back numbers of "The Modern Man," 1 to 90, must be clean, for binding. Quote price.—Box 3283, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

£5 per week earned by advertisement writers; excellent opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus and full particulars post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.

Last 26 volumes Ba'zac's works, worth £7 7s.; what offers? unsoiled.—Lowe, All Saints' Road, Bromsgrove.

Back numbers of "Modern Man." What offers?—Box 3297, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Partner with £100 wanted; good for young man not already settled in business; Midlands.—Box 3282, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Farrow's Bank shares wanted.—Price to Box 3298, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£30 British Homes Deferred Policy, full borrowing powers, £38 5s. paid. What offers?—Box 3300, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Advertiser, owning patent, requires £25 to market two excellent inventions, genuine, share basis, security.—Box 3001, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 3211, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3214, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3212, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3213, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Antiseptic, deodorising tooth-powder recipe by professional man mailed in return for P.O. 1s. 3d. Mouth-wash recipe, 1s. 3d. Both for 2s.—Box 3255, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Old English sheepdog. Grand young dog for sale, by Shepton Hero, 2 years old.—Box 3294, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Magnificent black curly-coated retriever dog, splendid guard, affectionate; 30s., to good home only.—Box 3295, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome pedigree Great Dane bitch, 30in., 12 months, trained to house, ideal companion, v.h.c. Variety Class of 17 Taunton Show; to good home, 6 guineas, or near offer.—Box 3296, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Amusement.—Four unique pocket novelties, 1s.; twelve, assorted, 2s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

Back numbers of "Modern Man." What offers?—Box 3304, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

Gentleman's tie-pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Clenechave," the most perfect safety razor, complete in case with seven blades; 5s. post free.—Clenechave Safety Razor Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Astrology.—Reveals the planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth date with 1s. order. Two years' advice added.—Prof. Mercury, L.K., Llandaff, Glam.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range, name of ship can be distinctly read 5 miles from shore; very clear definition; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

Aug. 13.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.